

READING THE NEWSPAPERS

BERTHELOT

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

*A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs*



T.M.

PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00  
Published by J.M.Dent and Sons, Limited  
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

Vol. VIII. No. 88  
JANUARY 1928





## Unusual Library Service

- ¶ With a special department devoted entirely to Library business—
- ¶ With the largest stock of general books in Canada to draw from, as well as very wide and varied stocks of the current books in demand for Library use—
- ¶ With a staff of Experts trained in Library work, and consequently with a knowledge of what Libraries want—
- ¶ With a special Library Advisor whose business it is to know the new books, and who is glad to make recommendations or suggest courses of reading—
- ¶ With the agency for Gaylord Brothers, of Syracuse, probably the best equipment house in the United States for Library supplies—
- ¶ With the backing of Canada's pioneer, and still the largest, publishing house—
- ¶ We submit that we can—and do—give the very best service for Libraries, public or private, that Canada knows.
- ¶ We simply suggest that you test our facilities and service.

*Library Department*

**THE RYERSON PRESS**

*Canada's Oldest Publishers*

TORONTO 2



## Whitborne Inn

*169 College St. (Two doors west of McCaul)*

LUNCHEONS, TEAS AND  
DINNERS

Served in quiet, attractive rooms

Reservations made for bridge  
parties and club meetings



TELEPHONE TRINITY 9354



## The Canadian Journal of Religious Thought

**A** BI-MONTHLY magazine for the expression of Canadian thought on social, political, educational, and moral questions from the religious viewpoint. It is the only non-sectarian and undenominational publication of its kind in Canada.

It places a premium upon frank, straightforward, unequivocal presentation of vital themes.

Now in its fourth year of publication.

Published on the first day of every second month at 73 Queen's Park, Toronto. Single copies, 50 cents. Subscription rate, \$2.50 per year. Sample copies on application.



# THE CANADIAN FORUM

General Editor: J. F. WHITE. Associate Editors: H. J. DAVIS, J. D. ROBBINS, THOREAU MACDONALD  
FRED JACOB, N. A. MacKENZIE, G. H. DUFF.

Published monthly by J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5. British Agents, Imperial News Company, Limited, Breems Buildings, London, E.C. 4; American Agents, Hotaling's News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City. Copyright, October, 1920.

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1928.

No. 88

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT	-	-	-	-	-	BLAKE AND FUSELI	-	-	-	-	H. J. Davis
GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY—1870-1914	-	-	-	-	R. Flenley	BOOKS	-	-	-	-	-
CANADA ON THE COUNCIL	-	-	-	-	Escott M. Reid	FRENCH-CANADIAN CHURCH—EVENING	-	-	-	-	Arthur Lismer
CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—I	-	-	-	-	Jack McLaren	FOUR POEMS FOR A SONNET SEQUENCE	-	-	-	-	N. W. Hainsworth
THE THREATENED OIL FAMINE	-	-	-	-	Arthur P. Woollacott	THE READER'S FORUM	-	-	-	-	-
SCIENCE—MARCELLIN BERTHELOT	-	-	-	-	J. J. Chapelon	THE STAGE	-	-	-	-	Fred Jacob
ON READING THE NEWSPAPERS	-	-	-	-	Douglas Bush	TRADE AND INDUSTRY	-	-	-	-	Donald MacGregor

## MORAL LEADERSHIP

HAS Britain lost the leadership in the struggle to ensure world peace and international understanding? There is no question that her stock is decidedly lower than it was two or three years ago; and that is most regrettable, for the moral leadership of the world gives a nation and its citizens a prestige and a position in the eyes of other nations that is invaluable even in material things. Is this opinion justified? A series of unfortunate incidents forces one to conclude that there are good grounds for it. Beginning with the decision to continue with the construction of the Singapore base, the reasoned policy of Britain seems to have been to rely on her own ability and her own strength, rather than on an attempt to allay suspicion and build up mutual understanding and confidence. The rejection of the Protocol, the break with Russia, the defence of Shanghai, the failure to reach an agreement with Japan and the United States on naval disarmament, the resignation of Lord Cecil, Sir Austin Chamberlain's speech in the last assembly of the League of Nations, all seem to suggest realism rather than idealism as a guiding principle. True, there have been items on the Credit side, like the Locarno Treaties, and the decision of the government to cut down naval expenditure in new cruisers, and there are plenty of excuses for realism in international politics at the present moment. But it is unfortunate

that the method of giving effect to this policy has incurred the suspicion of some and the enmity of others.

## WATER DIVERSION AT CHICAGO

THE City of Chicago and the Chicago Sanitary district take from Lake Michigan about 10,000 cubic feet of water per second, which is used for sewage disposal, water power and navigation. This water would naturally flow over Niagara Falls and down the St. Lawrence, and the effect of its diversion via Chicago and the Mississippi is to lower the level of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, thus hindering navigation, and in addition leaving less water for Hydro purposes at Niagara and in the St. Lawrence. The other 'Lake States' have attempted to prevent this diversion by legal measures but Mr. Charles E. Hughes has recently decided that the question is one for the Federal Government to deal with and not for the individual States, and as the War Department had given Chicago permission to take 8,500 cubic feet per second the only remedy left to the other States is to have Congress deal with the matter and pass legislation prohibiting the diversion. This ruling has caused a good deal of uneasiness in Canada, but on the whole this seems unwarranted, for Canada may now negotiate directly with the Government at Washington, put forward her claim there and

request a settlement. Whether Canada's claim will be upheld or not is another question, for lake Michigan is within U.S. territory and it may be difficult to prove that Canada has any right to prevent that diversion. Then it seems too that Canada has more or less acquiesced in the diversion of a smaller quantity of water, some 4,000 cubic feet per second, over such a long period that it is going to be difficult to refuse to admit Chicago's claim to it. In any event, the proper procedure seems to be to encourage the Lake States opposing Chicago to proceed with their case before Congress and at the same time to enter into negotiations with the State Department with a view to its ultimate settlement by decision or arbitration if necessary. It would make a nice case for the Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague.

### THE ANGLICAN PRAYER BOOK

THE House of Commons by a small majority has rejected the Revised Anglican Prayer Book.

Two distinct questions are involved—the relation of Church to State, and the relation of parties within the Church and the consequent determination of doctrinal issues. The new Book has not been adopted hastily by the Church. The matter of revising services and reforming administration was referred to it by the State some twenty years ago. More recently a representative Church Assembly was established by Parliament in order that the opinion of the Church as a whole might find more adequate expression than it could through the separate Convocations of Canterbury and York. The changes were discussed in detail for years, and the Book as a whole was approved in the Assembly by decisive majorities, both clerical and lay. In a sense, the minority has appealed to Parliament, and aided by some non-Anglicans has secured the rejection of the measure—to the delight of the extremists, Evangelical, Modernist, and Anglo-Catholic alike. To Canadians the natural consequence seems to be a demand by the Church for disestablishment at whatever financial sacrifice. Possibly this will not come—at least immediately. The tradition of an Establishment, despite its anomalies, is still deeply rooted. In some ways it has made for greater freedom and comprehensiveness. The majority was small and may yet be revised. (The fact that Sir William Joynson-Hicks surpassed himself, while Lord High Cecil was unexpectedly disappointing, does not finally determine the merits of the case). So the supporters of the Book may think it worth while to make another effort. If this fails and disestablishment results, then the whole question of what is or is not to be permitted within the Church will be determined by 'practising' Anglicans. Would that end in a final and fatal division? It should be remembered that the Church as a whole is not represented by

Bishop Knox and Bishop Barnes with their respective supporters, and the Federation of Catholic Priests. The same central body which adopted the Revision will still make itself felt.

### DISARMAMENT

RUSSIA, the terrifying *bête noir* of certain European 'disarmatists', and the useful red herring of others, has thoroughly lived up to her reputation for making the old *regime* uncomfortable. This time she appears in the unusual role of the dove of peace—demanding that delegates sent to disarmament conferences should really consider disarming—and not go back with plans for bigger and better armies and navies as in the past. And the droll part of it is that she probably means what she says when she suggests total disarmament—For Russia alone in a disarmed world would feel much happier and much safer than the same Russia with the world in arms against her. The hope of survival of a communist or socialist state lies in its ability to convince other states of the merits of its methods by information and propaganda—or at least to prevent other states interfering directly in its own internal affairs—and both of these ends can be best accomplished in a world that has no punitive armies or navies. Then too, the Soviet pronouncement has rather called the bluff of her two chief opponents, England and America, for those two countries have between them laid claim to a very large share of the good intentions of the world—particularly in the paths of peace—and to have their pet devil suddenly appear in nice white robes is very disconcerting. It helps Germany too, for Germany is disarmed and she likes to call the attention of her late enemies to the fact that they have agreed to disarm and have no logical excuse for remaining armed. It is doubtful, however, if the Russian proposal will have any effect on the armament situation, for the truth of the matter seems to be that none of the Great Powers really want to disarm. But the proposal will prove a useful weapon to pacifists and radicals and all those dissatisfied with the *status quo* the world over, as well as to those who are 'merely' concerned with the prevention of war, for it does remove one of the principal excuses given by the die-hard element for the maintenance of strong armaments.

### CANADIAN WATERCOLOURS

THE second annual exhibition of the Canadian Society of Painters in Watercolour reminds us forcibly of the nemesis that has dogged the watercolourist from the beginning. No sooner did the art of watercolour emerge from its long obscurity and begin to be exhibited publicly than it found itself competing with oil-painting, forcing itself beyond the natural limits of its beautifully expressive medium,

and in the end frustrating itself. The history of modern watercolour is really the history of a struggle in the minds of those who used it between the transparencies natural to watercolour and the solidity of oils, and time and again the tradition of oils proved the stronger and by invading the watercolour medium robbed it of all its finer distinctive qualities and made it cheap and garish. There is no reconciling the two traditions. The one takes its high lights from the paper on which it is executed and works down to the lower by semi-transparent washes, which if they are not right at once will never be really right; the other works up from a dead sub-structure to an illusion of space and luminosity. The watercolourist is always turning his lights down, he has to do it delicately or he will turn them out; the painter in oils turns the lights up, if he turns too far the lights may flare, but they won't go out. Thus the only hope for the watercolourist is to forget oils and galleries and to use his medium as Dürer and the old masters did—for *not* taking and for strictly personal expression. In Canada where the oils tradition is very emphatic and forceful the danger to the watercolourist is even greater than that which made Turner frequently a *virtuoso* and Cotman frequently a failure. What is really needed is a separate small gallery for watercolour with lower ceilings and a studio intimacy, where the spectres of gigantic oil-paintings would be utterly banned and the exquisite, strangely restricted art would be free to enjoy its own soul.

#### THE U. F. O. CONVENTION

THE results of the convention of the U.F.O. are disappointing to all those who had hoped that the farmers might have some useful contributions to make to our political life. In any form of democracy it is essential that the government should be kept up to the mark by a keen and alert opposition, but in Canada the platforms of our main parties are now so similar in construction that it requires an unusually acute eye to discover any great difference between the two. With the Conservative and Liberal parties seeing eye to eye on nearly all important questions, the only real criticism of policy in Parliament comes from the small Farmer and Labour groups. However, to elect Members of Parliament, it is necessary that any party should be able to maintain a 'united front' and reduce internal dissension to a minimum, but this is what the Farmer and Labour groups have been unable to do. Both are organized industrially as well as politically, and each have some members who are willing to give loyal support in industrial action but wish to retain their political affiliations with the older parties. Unless these members develop political 'class-consciousness' it may be necessary for the

Farmer and Labour groups to form separate political and industrial organizations.

#### SCHEMES FOR INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH

THE prospects for an early and significant expansion of industrial scientific investigation are at the moment especially bright for Canada generally and more particularly for Ontario. A Dominion scheme for the promotion of research has apparently been under consideration for some time but no definite formulation of it has yet been announced. The Premier of Ontario, however, is reported to have suggested a grant of a million dollars by his Government on the understanding that industry raise a like amount towards such research. His suggestion that the work be largely carried out through existing institutions relieves us of the fear that such money may be spent in elaborate buildings. Mr. Ferguson's scheme is specifically concerned with applied science yet it cannot but promote at the same time the interests of pure science. But perhaps the most significant aspect of these recent developments is that they are going at least part way towards Canadian independence in the field of science. We commend Mr. Ferguson for his initiative.

#### ANATOLE FRANCE'S BRAIN

IT may interest some to learn that an anatomical report on the brain of Anatole France who died in 1924 was recently read at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine held in Paris. From this it appears that Anatole France's brain was about three-quarters of a pound or twenty-five per cent, less in weight than that of an average man. The French anatomists would compensate for its smallness by the fineness of its structure—for which they apparently have little proof. Sir Arthur Keith, a distinguished British neurologist, and one with the profound faith that the residence of genius will yet be discernible by the anatomist, suggests with regard to the French report that a splendid opportunity has been wasted from the want of a sufficiently precise study. He is far from surrender on the question of size. He regards Anatole France as a primitive type, an artistic exponent of the wiles of human nature; his peculiar ability we need not be surprised to find associated with a small brain. It is an interesting suggestion from a psychological standpoint.

#### THE LONDON LETTER

We regret that owing to some delay in the Christmas mails our London Letter has not arrived at the time of going to press, and therefore this feature does not appear in the present issue.

## GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY 1870-1914

PROFESSOR BRANDENBURG'S survey of German foreign policy is one of the most important contributions made since the war to the history of the years which preceded the outbreak in August, 1914, and no serious student of the causes of the war can afford to neglect it.

Any survey of German foreign policy over this period by a competent historian would merit attention, but Professor Brandenburg's volume has a special importance, and this for two reasons. In the first place he has based his volume on the official correspondence of the Berlin Foreign Office, which is printed in over thirty volumes as *Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette* and which affords the most complete collection of diplomatic correspondence yet published for the whole period. The publication of British Foreign Office papers by Gooch and Temperley now in progress will go some way to meet Professor Brandenburg's complaint of the attitude of the allied powers in this regard, and it was in any case easier for Germany after her revolution to take such a step, even had there not been the stimulus of the *Kriegsschuldfrage*. Meanwhile Dr. Brandenburg's volume is the first considerable survey of the period based on the original despatches, letters, and memoranda which flowed into or out of the German Foreign Office from Kaiser, Chancellor, Foreign Minister, and diplomatic representatives abroad.

Further, the volume is remarkable for its quality and tone. The author writes upon a bitterly controversial subject with great detachment and an obvious desire to put forward the truth as impartially as he can. Here his volume may be said to mark a return from the influence of the Prussian school of German historians, Treitschke above all, to the Ranke tradition. 'The readers I desire', he says in his preface, 'be they in Germany or elsewhere, are those who seek earnestly to see things as they really were'. In striving thus to write international history free from national bias Professor Brandenburg must be compared with men like Gooch and Lowes Dickinson who have made a like effort at a true understanding of the forces at work in Europe before 1914. The author is by no means devoid of feeling. 'This book has been written', he tells us again, 'often in anguish of heart, in the belief that it is necessary', and the volume contains frequent though restrained expression of the tragedy of measures taken or opportunities missed. It must not be assumed that the writer is an Anglophile or at all devoted to French or Russian interests. Far from it. He blames Russia and France (more

specifically Poincaré and Iswolski) in no light terms, and the review of Grey's *Twenty-Five Years*, which is added as an appendix, or his account of Grey's conduct of British policy in 1914, shows him here as elsewhere critical of British policy.

The volume is neither brief, simple, nor light reading. Nor could an adequate survey be any of these things. Germany, following its triumphs of 1866 and 1870, was in the centre of things European, and remained so, in active relations with her neighbours, both during Bismarck's day and continuously to the war. With unity had come power and prestige, and new cares and responsibilities. Professor Brandenburg begins by examining the Bismarckian heritage and then follows the treatment of that heritage after 1890 by the Kaiser and his ministers—Bülow, Holstein, Tirpitz and others, to the final crash. In his survey of the international situation as it existed and developed after 1870, the author distinguishes two sources of friction, one (Alsace-Lorraine) already present and continuing, the other (the Balkans) becoming more insistent and dangerous as time went on. To these may be added a third, no less insistent though in a more intermittent way—the friction over colonial rivalry, and the struggle for influence in the middle and far East. With regard to the first, Professor Brandenburg emphasizes the German desire for peace with France after 1870. But whilst French hostility after the defeat of 1870 may be admitted, the acceptance of peace on Bismarck's terms, including the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, was hardly to be expected. Bismarck did not 'seek peace and ensue it'. He sought war, and ensued peace when he had won, leaving the lees of discontent to ferment in the hearts of all Frenchmen.

Not merely in his survey of Bismarck's work but throughout, Dr. Brandenburg sees the policy of Germany as aiming at the preservation of European peace. Yet no writer has shown more plainly that the *Entente* powers (as they became) might be excused from failing at once to discern this desire on a number of critical occasions, whether in the Far East, in Morocco, in the Balkans, or elsewhere. Herein Brandenburg is a severe critic of the diplomatic methods of his country. Not merely does he denounce 'the total lack of unity in the conduct of German policy' in the years preceding the war, but he stigmatizes 'its over-astuteness', and 'the way in which German policy invariably opened fire at once with its biggest guns' (p. 129) in the nineties. Nor do the persons responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs escape. Bismarck had no successor who displayed anything like the same mastery of his craft. Holstein, whose 'outstanding characteristic was distrust of England', Bülow, with his 'policy of missing opportunities, the responsibility for which rests with him', are both found wanting. The

Kaiser, easy mark as he is, despite his blunders emerges on the whole slightly better, and innocent of some at least of the errors which bestrewed the foreign policy of his reign. Followed through the volume as Dr. Brandenburg sees it, the sum total of their management, or mismanagement, of the foreign affairs of the Empire was the alienation first of Russia, England, Japan, and the United States, and the subordination of Germany to Austria in an alliance which had really ceased to be a Triple Alliance by the virtual withdrawal of Italy. Thus when the crisis of 1914 arose, Germany was at the mercy of whatever steps Vienna might choose to take. To engage in the controversy over the events immediately preceding the outbreak of the war in 1914 is impossible here. Nor is it necessary. For if there is one thing more than another which emerges clearly from Professor Brandenburg's book, it is that the murder of the Archduke and the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia resulted from forces at work over the whole period surveyed. We are not in the least likely all to agree in the allocation of ultimate responsibility. But that need not prevent us from recognising in his book a very honest attempt to tell the truth about the policy of his country, with no concealment of its faults or shortcomings.

It remains to say a word of one aspect in particular of the volume. To no subject, one feels, does the author turn with more care than to the story of Anglo-German relations during this epoch, and on no other topic is he so critical of the wayward Kaiser, the suspicious Holstein, or the irresponsible Bülow, who on one occasion defined his attitude towards England's efforts at an agreement as 'just leaving hope shim-

mering on the horizon'! The Kaiser's project of a European league against the island power, the excessive price (in colonial concessions chiefly) which Germany set upon her friendship, the lack of understanding of Britain's position implied by the demand that England should form a political alliance with the Triple Alliance, and the persistent refusal of Tirpitz to come to any naval agreement in the decade before the war, are all detailed and unsparingly criticized. Most of all does the writer condemn the German refusal of England's attempt to formulate closer relations between 1898 and 1901, in which Chamberlain played a leading part. For to him that failure brought 'the parting of the ways', the conclusion of the British *Entente* with France, and the later understanding with Russia which split Europe into two rival camps. 'The lack of wide outlook' on the part of the German government to which Brandenburg primarily attributes this refusal may be applied more generally. Imagination and understanding of other nations reveal themselves in his pages as the qualities most lacking in the men with whom lay the control of German foreign policy. Ludwig's picture of Holstein spinning his ceaseless webs in his obscure remoteness, or the familiar story of the Kaiser giving gratuitous advice to the British on the conduct of their South African campaign, exemplify the defect. It may be admitted that the policy of other great powers (including Britain) has not always been distinguished by so eminent an exhibition of these virtues. Perhaps the League of Nations will serve its most useful purpose as a school where diplomatists may increase their possession of them.

R. FLENLEY.

## CANADA ON THE COUNCIL

By ESCOTT M. REID

TO overestimate the importance of the election of Canada to a non-permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations is an easy task. The importance lies not in the event itself but depends on two factors which are difficult to determine, the reason for the election, and the manner in which the Dominion carries out her responsibilities.

It is gratifying to our sense of national self-satisfaction to say that the election marks an international recognition of the status of the Dominions and Great Britain as coequal nations in a Commonwealth, but it is perhaps untrue. It may be that some of the votes given to Canada were cast not in a desire to grant separate representation to the Dominions but in order to give Great Britain increased representation on the Council. We should not therefore be too sure that our independent status has yet received recognition by the nations of the League. The answer to this ques-

tion will become clearer in three years' time when Canada's term of office expires and another Dominion seeks to take her place. If the Assembly automatically accepts the candidature of any other Dominion then it probably desires merely to double the British vote, if it limits its choice to those two other Dominions, South Africa and the Irish Free State, which have shown a certain degree of independence of British foreign policy, then it probably has at last comprehended something of the constitution of the Commonwealth.

In another respect the importance of Canada's election can only be determined in the future, for it does not so much depend on the reason for her election as on the manner in which she performs her duties. If she is an efficient and able member of the Council her election may have importance not only as a step in the constitutional development of the

Commonwealth but also in the strengthening of the League of Nations. Canada may play a great part in the solution of the problems which threaten the peace of the world or she may be a nonentity at the Council table. The choice between these alternatives lies with herself. It depends on the representative she appoints to the meetings of the Council. He must be a man of the very highest ability; one who has a knowledge of international affairs; one who possesses the confidence and esteem of the Dominion; and one who will by his intellectual attainments and his position at home, receive recognition at Geneva. In short, he must be one of those few leading men in Canadian public life who have a grasp of international affairs. Canada cannot afford to send as her representative a man merely because he is personally popular at Geneva, and can be spared from domestic politics. The Prime Minister as Secretary of State for External Affairs must realize that we cannot accept the honour of membership in the Council and not incur with that honour a great responsibility. The Dominion delegations to the Assembly have on the whole been notoriously weak. We do not wish the Dominion representation on the Council to gain that same notoriety.

The Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries of the most important states in the world have in the past attended the meetings of the Assembly and Council of the League. May we not request the Prime Minister of Canada in his capacity of head of the Department of External Affairs to represent Canada in the League. It would be too much to require that he attend the four annual meetings of the Council but he might attend the council meeting before the annual assembly and the Assembly itself. It is demanding a sacrifice from the Prime Minister, but one which he should be willing to give.

As substitutes for the Prime Minister at those three meetings of Council where he would be unable to attend and as second delegate to the Assembly, there are two suitable members of the Liberal Party, Mr. Massey and Mr. Rowell. Mr. Massey, with his experience as Minister to Washington is peculiarly fitted to be what the Canadian delegate must be, an interpreter and a link between the League and the United States. Mr. Rowell is recognized as possessing a keen grasp of international affairs and he has served with distinction at the Assembly and at the first International Labour Conference.

If the Prime Minister finds it impossible to be the first delegate of Canada to the Council and the Assembly then he ought to request either Mr. Massey or Mr. Rowell to accept the position of Secretary of State for External Affairs. The Secretary of State would then be the first delegate of Canada. In any case the Department of External Affairs must be

enlarged to cope with the new situation in which international affairs are becoming increasingly important to Canada and Canada increasingly important in international affairs. We must develop a more efficient foreign office, for, call it what we will, such it really is, which will keep the government in touch with international political developments and which will be able to provide it with expert advice on questions which arise at meetings of the League of Nations.

At the present time the old criticism that the Senate of the United States made of the Covenant, that it gave Great Britain six votes, is to a great extent just. And that not because of any obsolete dictation by Great Britain but in a more subtle way through the influences of the frequent joint meetings of the imperial delegations to the Assembly. At these meetings the policy of H. M. Government in Great Britain usually wins the assent of the Dominions even when perhaps they feel it to be mistaken. This is because they have insufficient experience of international affairs and they lack independent expert advice on which to form matured views. It is obvious that a Dominion delegate must find it difficult to oppose the policy of a strong and homogeneous British delegation (particularly homogeneous since Viscount Cecil's resignation) when that policy is backed by the expert assistance of the permanent staff of the British Foreign Office. Yet if Dominion representation on the Council and in the Assembly is to mean anything, the Dominion delegates must be prepared to oppose British policy when it is misguided. To do so they must be in possession of sufficient knowledge to know when it is misguided, and have competent expert advice to assist them in stating their opposition at the imperial joint meetings. We must hope that on grave issues the spokesmen of the Commonwealth at the League of Nations are not divided, but if they are, then we must make sure from the calibre of our foreign office and of our delegates that Canada supports that policy which is in the interest of the peace of the world.

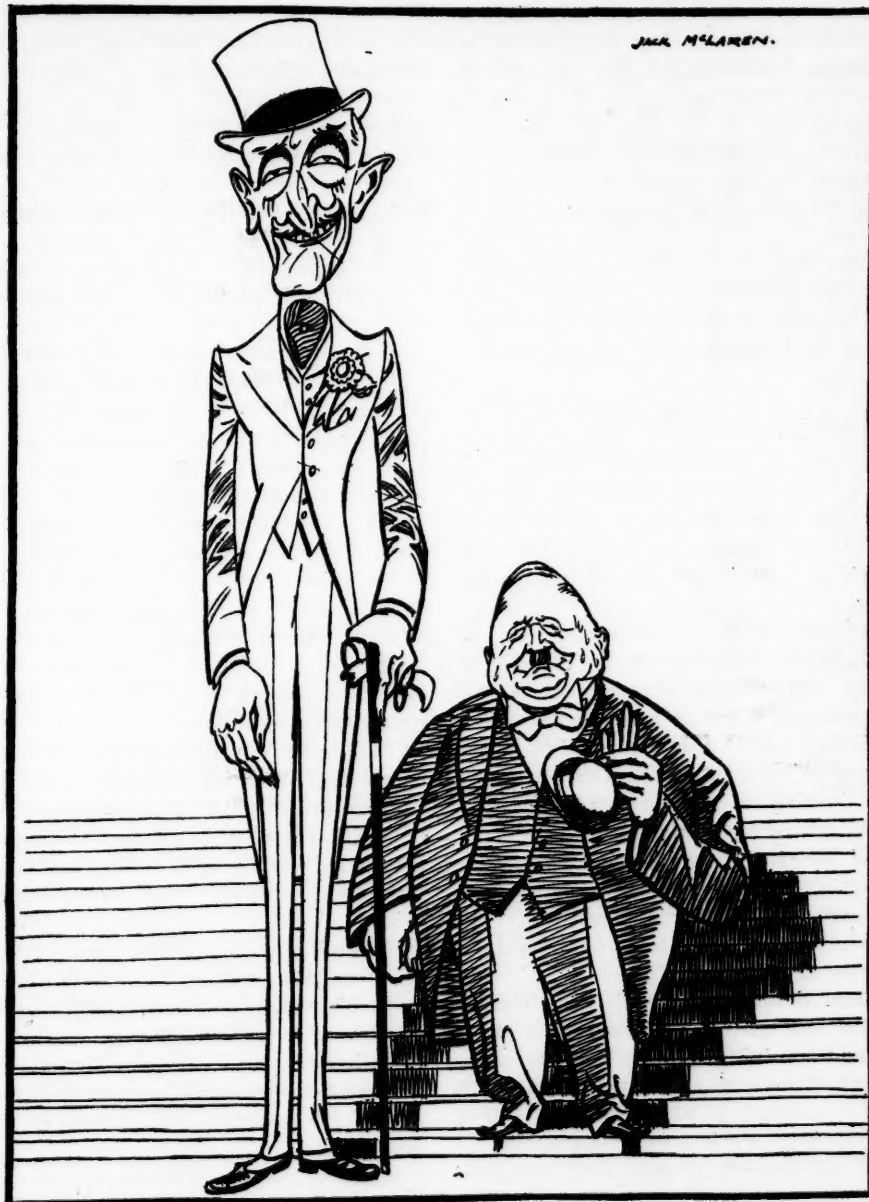
---

THE CANADIAN FORUM is edited by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

HENRY BUTTON.	FRED JACOB
H. J. DAVIS	GEORGE H. LOCKE
RICHARD DE BRISAY	J. E. H. MACDONALD
MERRILL DENISON	THOREAU MACDONALD
G. H. DUFF	N. A. MACKENZIE
BARKER FAIRLEY	ERNEST MACMILLAN
MARGARET A. FAIRLEY	GILBERT NORWOOD
H. K. GORDON	VERA PARSONS
LAWREN HARRIS	JOHN D. ROBINS
SAMUEL H. HOOKE	PETER SANDIFORD.
GEORGE HUNTER	J. F. WHITE

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—I.

H.E. The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Willingdon, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.

*Binding the Empire Together*

Our genial Governor-General has just been extended a hearty welcome on the steps of the City Hall by Mayor Fosmart of Montorham. Unfortunately the Mayor's speech, which he had rehearsed for a week and knew perfectly, not half an hour before, became slightly unintelligible when through beads of perspiration he referred to the distinguished guest as 'Lud Woolingdon'.

BY JACK McLAREN

## THE THREATENED OIL FAMINE

By ARTHUR P. WOOLLACOTT, F.G.R.S.

**A**N oil famine in the United States, Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work believes, would be a catastrophe second only to that of the Great War. Without oil a modern war could not be waged; millions of automobiles would halt; marine transportation would be radically affected, and numerous other inconveniences would follow, not the least of which would be the necessity on the part of the United States to buy oil from British interests to the tune of about a billion dollars a year; truly an outlook that begins to send premonitory tremors of economic terror to the heart of a nation which at present seems desperately concerned in wringing the last cent from a prostrated Europe.

Our neighbour's plight is not without interest to Canada. The discovery of oil at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie river in 1920 definitely focussed attention on Canada as a possible producer of oil on a large scale. Since that date several discoveries in southern Alberta have helped to strengthen the notion of the country's potential importance. More recently still the Geological Survey has indicated a favourable field in the Cypress Hills. It is seldom that this conservative body of scientists errs on the side of over-enthusiasm. Hence when they say in plain English that they consider a certain structure favourable for oil production, their words carry weight. The exploratory method followed in the Gulf States of systematically shooting the surface with dynamite in order to get a seismographic record of the contour and nature of the underlying strata will certainly result, if it can be applied in Canada, in superseding the expensive method of drilling by guess-work. The next few years, therefore, may see a very rapid development of the oil industry in Canada.

The entrance of the Royal-Dutch-Shell interests in the Canadian field gave a spectacular turn to the question, as the event brings Canada into one of the greatest dramas of concession-hunting the world has ever witnessed. A decade or two ago Britain had no oil; to-day she finds herself in a superior position, and to-morrow she will virtually be mistress of the world insofar as oil can make her so. British companies with their affiliations, all closely connected with the British Government, are now in exclusive control of ninety per cent. of the world's future production. How this amazing feat was accomplished can only be told in volumes. The prophetic foresight of Admiral Lord Fisher regarding the leading part oil would play in wars and commerce of the future, led him to far-reaching conclusions, one of which was that the control of oil by any of the major powers was in itself a most effective pledge of peace. These views

held by a man of such forceful personality, got him the backing of keen financiers, whose interest was not wholly a business one, since there was a sporting element in the game and they were playing for big stakes, no less than the supremacy of the British Empire; consequently there was a strong patriotic motive at work at a time when patriotism counted. In the most unobtrusive way these leaders quietly engineered a series of gigantic operations in almost every country of the world, which finally brought about Britain's elevation to a paramount position in oil to an extent that is as yet but faintly realized.

The organisation of the Anglo-Persian Company under the chairmanship of Lord Strathcona, and the purchase of the *Mexican Eagle* from Lord Cowdray at a fabulous figure, by Deterding the oil wizard, who heads the fortunes of the Royal-Dutch-Shell amalgamation, are outstanding instances of large-scale operations. But these features are merely the peaks in an enterprise that is as extensive as the land-surface of the globe.

The story has its thrilling chapters and like that of some other British activities it tends to give a new interpretation to that deprecatory camouflage of 'muddling through,' by which Britons so often seek to conceal their astuteness.

With a navy stationed in the seven seas it was a logical step to secure oil-fields conveniently situated in every quarter of the globe, and it seemed the proper thing that the state should own or control those far-flung areas of production. That seems to have been the basic idea upon which Britain's oil policy was built.

But oil is an exhaustible commodity; the productive areas are limited. The remainder of the world wants oil, and wants it badly, particularly the powers that aspire to become more powerful. Whence the ambitious project of insuring peace by obtaining a monopoly of that valuable material without which no war of the present or the immediate future can be fought.

How absolutely essential to success this commodity was in the late war may be gleaned from Clemenceau's historic telegram to President Wilson. In December, 1917, the Allies were faced with a threatened exhaustion of their stocks of oil by the following March, on the very eve of the spring campaign, but President Wilson rose to the occasion, and instead of being forced to an unfavourable peace, the Allies literally floated to victory on an American supply of 50,000 tons a month, which enabled Marshal Foch to use his 92,000 motor lorries in executing a series of strategic surprises.

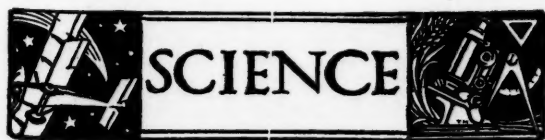
In spite of her virtual control of the world's supply, Britain at present produces only about one-quarter, while the United States produces three-quarters of the total. But with the present rate of increasing consumption, the United States before 1950, will be obliged to import annually 500 million barrels, which means that the States will be compelled to pay out every year something like 1,000 million dollars or more, chiefly to British interests. The American Navy has completely abandoned coal for its units, but conversion of the world's navies and merchant marine to the use of oil will not be accomplished before the oil resources of the United States are exhausted, an event fixed by the Smithsonian Institution as early as 1927, though the United States Geological Survey is more optimistic, giving United States production another fifteen years of life.

Although the United States as a country leads to-day, in production, followed by Mexico with about a third of her output, these relative positions will be rapidly changed; and Mexico may easily become a bone of contention between the two great branches of the English-speaking family in their bid for world supremacy.

That a British company like the Royal-Dutch-Shell with its world ramifications is now a rival of Standard Oil in Canada, gives special interest to the Canadian field. The invasion may have unlooked for results.

There is great present day truth in the saying: Who has oil, has empire! But if the Canadian oil-fields as well as a large proportion of Canada's richest wheat lands should pass into American hands in the next ten or twenty years, by which time it is expected that the population overflow from the United States into Canada will be well under way, the result might easily be fraught with subversive consequences to the country north of forty-nine.

On the other hand since the British oil magnates have at last given their attention to the Canadian field, which on account of its proximity to the United States makes it an important factor in the future of this continent, they will no doubt go the limit as they have done in every other sphere. The situation is well worth watching.



### MARCELLIN BERTHEROT, 1827-1907

#### I.

**M**ARCELLIN BERTHELOT was born in Paris on the 25th of October, 1827, on a site which was to become the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville*. He spent the eighty years of his long life in the heart

of Paris. His paternal grandfather, born near the banks of the Loire, had been a peasant and became a soldier in the armies of the French Revolution, one of those idealists who carried to the peoples of Europe the love of liberty and the hatred of despotism. His father was also a Republican and an idealist. A poor medical practitioner in a poor district, with an unlimited devotion to his patients, he sowed deeply in his son's soul the sentiment of the brotherhood of all men, a passion for truth, the love of democracy, and an indifference to money-making. At school, the young Marcellin showed exceptional intellectual ability, and at the age of eighteen he was undecided whether to devote his life to philosophy, to archaeology, to literature, or to science. This diversity of natural propensities may explain his versatility in riper years. At that time, he became acquainted with Ernest Renan, his elder by four years. Renan had just emerged from his moral crisis, a consequence of his intellectual honesty, which culminated in the breaking of his connection with his Church. Both were possessed of love of truth and beauty and a thirst for knowledge. These common traits developed this famous intellectual friendship which lasted nearly half a century, that is to say up to Renan's death. These two young men, more mature than is usual at such ages, perhaps a little gloomy, filled with a universal curiosity, had daily discussions on the great problems which have tormented so many noble souls. With the admirable confidence of youth, they tried to unravel the riddle of the Universe, and this created a kind of fermentation in their minds. Under these circumstances, Berthelot acquired his astonishing erudition, his philosophical tendencies, his general views on the evolution of human thought, which enabled him, years afterwards, to develop a masterly contribution to the history of science, and to become an intellectual leader in French politics.

In the end, Berthelot decided in favour of Science, choosing Chemistry as his field of study and investigation: he entered the laboratory of Pelouze. In 1851 he became an assistant to Balard in the *Collège de France*, at a salary the equivalent of \$150.00 a year. He was destined to work in this famous sanctuary of pure science to the day of his death. From 1853 till 1863, he laid the foundations of his important researches on the synthesis of organic bodies with such success that in 1863, the professors in the *Collège* obtained for him the creation of a chair of organic chemistry. A member of the French Academy of Medicine in 1863, of the Academy of Sciences in 1873, one of the two perpetual secretaries of this Academy in 1889, a member of the French Academy in 1901, he was also a Fellow of the Royal Society and a member of nearly all the more important scientific societies of the world.

In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, he was appointed chairman of the scientific Committee for National Defense, and in that position, he consecrated his scientific ability to the attempt to save his country from the consequences of defeat. In 1881, he was created a Senator for life and he began a successful political career. He took such an important part in the discussions of the organization of public education that in 1886, he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. In 1895, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs and, in conformity with his philosophical views on the brotherhood of nations and the necessity of international understanding, he strove to solve the problems then pending between Great Britain and France. He was, indeed, the first French statesman who tried to realize that policy of friendship which was to be known, ten years afterwards, as the *Entente Cordiale*. Unfortunately, he was ahead of his time. He received the support neither of his colleagues in the cabinet, nor of the larger public, and, feeling that the times were not yet ripe, he resigned in 1896.

In 1861, Berthelot married a beautiful young lady belonging to a Huguenot family which had been forced to leave France at the time of the *Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes*, but members of which had returned to France previous to the Revolution. This union of a man endowed with the highest intellectual ability and a woman possessed of the highest moral qualities resulted in a life of congenial companionship and supreme conjugal happiness. This lasted forty-five years. However, the death of a beloved daughter and of a grandson saddened their last years. In March, 1907, she died, predeceasing by a few hours only, her husband, who, at the age of eighty, still had such a freshness and vividness of emotion, of sentiment, and of passionate love as to make it impossible for him to survive his grief.

## II.

It is not possible here to give an exposition of Berthelot's researches in Chemistry, by far the most important part of his work. Still, I shall try to give you an idea of those which, because of their philosophical importance seem to be of interest to everybody. The greatest chemist before Berthelot, Lavoisier, provided a sound foundation for chemistry, so that, within the half century following his death, the two fundamental problems of chemistry were solved for the whole field of inorganic chemistry. These two problems were: to analyse the inorganic body by reducing it to its constituents and conversely, starting from the constituents, to reconstruct the original substance, or as we say, to carry out the synthesis. With regard to organic substances, by which was then meant the product of living organisms, the first problem had been solved at the same

time as for mineral bodies. The second problem, however, as it seemed to the chemists of the time, never could be solved. The vitalists of the day, in fact, thought that a mysterious force, the so-called vital force, was necessary for their formation. A first result of Berthelot's scientific work was that after ten years of researches and experiments, he proved that a number of organic compounds produced in nature by living bodies can be produced in a laboratory by the action of the ordinary physical agents; heat, light and electricity. Moreover, he gave general methods for creating an unlimited number of such organic bodies. While Berthelot's aim was to disprove the necessity of introducing mysterious agents into the study of nature, the practical consequences of his discoveries have completely revolutionized our daily life through great industries connected with dyes, perfumes, foods, and the treasures of the modern pharmacopeia are due in part to Berthelot's researches on synthesis. From the philosophical standpoint, this synthesis of organic bodies is a strong argument in favour of the mechanistic view of life and gives rise to legitimate hopes that in the course of time, still more complicated bodies, for example, the proteins, will be produced in the laboratory. If so, the chemist will be in sight of the synthesis of life itself.

Thermochemistry is another important creation of Berthelot. It signifies a further victory over the spirit of mystery in natural philosophy. Chemical combinations were supposed to be due to a sort of goblin; the so-called force of affinity. Berthelot tried to connect chemical phenomena with the general theory of thermodynamics, and this enabled him to predict a number of chemical reactions. His researches along these lines lasted forty-five years and the calorimetric measurements made by him and his pupils are recorded in tables which constitute an invaluable aid to the chemists of to-day. A consequence was a total change in the knowledge of explosives brought about by the substitution for the old black powder of an extensive set of new substances connected with organic chemistry. From this followed important changes in the mining industry as well as the transformation of modern warfare through the use of smokeless powder. Berthelot's discoveries furthermore transformed ballistics into one of the most precise and beautiful sciences of practical engineering.

Berthelot must be considered as having originated a new branch of science, physical chemistry, thus establishing a most satisfactory connection between physics and chemistry, so that one may hope that the chemistry of the future will constitute a part of physics.

Besides these great results, Berthelot carried on admirable researches in the fields of physiological and

agricultural chemistry. Here again he has proved himself a creator and has furnished a stimulus to new ideas.

### III.

Berthelot did not initiate any new philosophy of the Universe. He was a late disciple of the French Encyclopedists of the eighteenth century. A positivist, and yet, more than a positivist, he was ready to speculate on the origin and end of things. But he insisted upon the necessity of separating positive knowledge from the hypotheses inevitably involved in a general conception of the Universe. Such hypotheses are fragile, and therefore man must avoid dogmatism. As for positive science, Berthelot thought little of *a priori* rational constructions. He frequently insisted on the imperative need of coming back again and again to the immediate sensorial data, to the perceptions furnished by observations and experiment, and on the advisability of avoiding attempts to tie nature up to the framework of a set of abstract principles. His models were the men of science of the sixteenth century; for instance, Galileo, whom he considers the forerunner of modern knowledge. He was an experimental empiricist with a blend of rationalism: taking as a fact the permanent order of the Universe, he excluded the possibility of the existence of supernatural elements, hence of mystic knowledge; his rationalism prevented him from accepting knowledge as coming from an external authority, hence his liberalism and his love of liberty. His philosophical speculation tended to emphasize the elements which things have in common rather than those which differentiate them from one another. He tried to relate organic matter to physical matter, to connect chemical with physical phenomena, the individual man with mankind, the separate nations with humanity, the incidental with the necessary, the particular with the general. He perceived the unity of the Universe rather than its diversity.

### IV.

Berthelot developed a practical system of ethics independent of any religious basis. It has at least a historical importance because, in the main, it is still the moral philosophy of a number of French Republicans and has permeated French internal politics during the last fifty years. As such, it may explain certain aspects of French life.

Berthelot starts from Kant's philosophy. The knowledge of good and evil, the existence of moral sentiments are psychological facts. Man has always felt, behind those sentiments, a condensation of his ideal, a mysterious and inaccessible unity, the centre of convergence of universal order—God. However, for Berthelot, morality is a human thing, subject to

change, to progress as shown by history; the ethics of Greek philosophy, followed by the ethics of the Church with the great principle of charity, the ethics of the Reformers with the principle of self-determination, the ethics of the Encyclopedists with the notion of the equal dignity of all men, and in his own day, the ethics of those demanding kindness and justice, and asserting universal brotherhood and solidarity. For Berthelot, it is a historical fact that wherever a group of people have believed themselves to be in possession of absolute truth, they have forbidden free inquiry and speculation, they have struggled against science, they have fought for intellectual and political domination, they have tried to crystallize mankind in obscurantism and superstition. On the contrary, science has freed thought, has freed humanity, as Berthelot finds it in modern times in the work of the men of the Renaissance and of the religious Reformers who, in spite of the cruel persecutions of those vested with autocratic powers, have managed to restore drowsing mankind to intellectual and moral life and to its sense of self-respect. The French Revolutionaries, animated by the same spirit, developed their splendid ideal of building human society upon the sound foundations of Science and Reason, so that universal brotherhood might become a reality. It is the same spirit that pervades the minds of those who claim that every child has the right to an education developing his mental and moral abilities, that every man has a right to a decent material and intellectual life, the right to partake of the treasure of wisdom and wealth which has been accumulated by the common labours of all men. Hence the necessity of initiating a movement of tolerance and liberation in order to grant perfect freedom to all opinions and to all religions.

These are some of the ideas developed by Berthelot in a number of public speeches. I would not say, here again, that they are very original. Still, they represent what lies, more or less consciously, in the minds of a great number of French democrats. The understanding of this moral philosophy will enable the historian of these times to comprehend legislation which found expression in the secularization of the schools and hospitals, and in the separation of the civil power from the church. Almost all the responsible politicians of the last fifty years have followed in the path of Berthelot's moral and social philosophy, so that he may be regarded as a herald of the modern French Republican ideal.

J. J. CHAPELON.

---

*If subscribers to THE CANADIAN FORUM will notify the Business Manager promptly of any change in their addresses, arrangements will be made for the copies to be forwarded direct, and delay will be avoided.*

## ON READING THE NEWSPAPERS

By DOUGLAS BUSH

THESE are superior people who sniff at newspapers, who would say, with Wilde, that they keep us in touch with the ignorance of the community. But this is only the illiberal attitude which one expects from the intelligentsia. What journalist could retain his high ideals if he did not know that the press is a mighty organ, that he will be saying to-morrow what a hundred thousand people thought a week ago? Properly read, the newspaper is inexhaustible, and most citizens, having it, need nothing else. The modern daily is a Home Book of Knowledge, which supplies all the mental wants of a sober, law-abiding person. For those, if there be any, who have no interest in the weather, or aeronautics, or murder trials, or radio programmes, or that unusually prolific hen dwelling in the northern part of York county, for them the newspaper offers the weekly Sunday School Lesson, which keeps us abreast of contemporary religious thought; and *belles lettres*, in the advertisements of the department stores; and comic strips and pages, which, graciously designed for the young, seem to appeal mainly to the mature. In short it is, as it should be, the abstract and brief chronicle of the time.

To avow that one's chief interest lies on the editorial page is to display, perhaps, an esoteric taste. Yet there are two good reasons. One is that that page contains the editorials, the other that it contains the correspondence columns. One may forgo the weather and extraordinary poultry, minister though such things do to our sense of wonder, but here on the editorial page one has that contact of mind with mind which is essential to the good life. And for anyone who is, like Mr. Pickwick and others, a student of human nature, it would be hard to choose between the more formal and philosophic editorials and the varied contributions of Constant Reader, Veritas, and Pro Bono Publico. In the former we have, as it were, the white radiance of eternity, in the latter a dome of many-coloured glass. In both we meet the ideas which are moulding our national life, for while professors and THE CANADIAN FORUM slay their thousands (one hopes it is thousands), the newspapers slay their tens of thousands. On the editorial page we touch the minds of the men and women who elect our rulers and determine their policies, who bring up children, who attend public meetings, who are, in a word, the backbone of the country.

The variety of problems treated in this section of the newspaper is encyclopædic, and to single out one is to ignore a multitude of perhaps greater importance. Yet because it runs like a golden thread through editorials and letters, and is confirmed by the utter-

ances of Canadian statesmen, clergymen, and other leaders of opinion, one topic is worth reflecting upon. It is the assumption, or proclamation, that Canada is in every way just a little superior to other countries, especially that one which is elegantly and invariably referred to as 'the great republic to the south of us.' Reasons are generally not given for this attitude of gentle condescension, doubtless they are obvious; or perhaps, as a dominion, we share vicariously the achievement of Great Britain. At any rate a week's perusal of a great Canadian daily, especially in Toronto, the heart of the Empire, convinces one that Americans as a nation are rich, powerful, selfish, boastful, raucous, crude, immoral, sentimental, unintelligent, and so on, *ad lib*. Only a few zealots press the inference that Canadians are rich (honestly), growing powerful, unselfish, modest, quiet, cultivated, moral, sensible, intelligent; but it is abundantly clear that Canadians are not quite as other men are. Amid the daily reiterations of these agreeable sentiments one feels oneself expanding in a soft, mellow, patriotic glow.

Only a disgruntled sceptic would search the newspaper for evidence of national superiority, but even he would not be disappointed. We Canadians do not speak of our own and our country's merits except at home and abroad, on the first of July, before and after elections, on the platform, in the pulpit, before clubs, in editorials, in conversation, and on any other appropriate occasions. That Canada has the highest standards of public and private morality no one can doubt who has observed popular indignation over the Customs graft and the increase of divorce, an indignation possibly heightened by envy, but in the main disinterested. Canadians could afford to make merry over Tennessee, which showed the true level of American intelligence. In Canada there is nothing but the most advanced thought—except the braying of Dr. Shields, the quaint imbecilities of The Globe's religious editorials, the solid, stolid ranks of Fundamentalists in all Canadian churches, the almost daily letters to the press which might have come from the village that voted the earth was flat.

Though the modern view of the American revolution has been reached mainly through the work of American historians, Canadians see the American mind in the antics of the mayor of Chicago. Our Canadian patriotism is broad-based and liberal; yet one seems to remember a flood of letters, editorials, and speeches, when it was suggested that British policy in China might not always have been directed by the highest idealism. The fundamental assumption of Canadian newspapers is that Great Britain

cannot err; the corresponding attitude in the United States, as represented by Mr. Hearst, we regard with justifiable horror.

Americans, everyone knows, are grossly materialistic, with their vulgar jubilation over making the cheapest automobiles and most expensive bath-tubs in the world; Canadians 'point with pride' to more spiritual elements of civilization, mines, forests, water-power. It is from the United States that Canada is polluted by low magazines, and movies which imply that in some circles man is not strictly monogamous, but the Canadian public as a whole, one perceives from the newspaper, is simply the victim of foreign invasion. When our people flock to suspected movies and paintings they are, if one may trust the numerous letters, merely going to investigate as a public duty what might corrupt the more inflammable; it does not mean at all that they have the lewd cravings of Americans. For in the arts and in literature Canadian taste is almost uniformly . . . shall we say wholesome? One might read the fiction and articles in Canadian magazines for a year on end, if one had the mind, and not encounter a single word that could appeal to the baser passions, sensual or intellectual. And yet no one could charge us with devotion to American sentimentality, with ignoring the harsh, bitter things of life; are not our best-known novelists Ralph Connor and L. M. Montgomery?

All these things and more one learns at a cost of two cents a day. There are no census statistics regarding the population of Moronia, but one may guess that Canada has too large a representation to indulge in unctuous complacency. Such people produce a

smaller volume of sound than the corresponding classes in the United States—for Canada has its Hearsts, Rev. William Sundays, Bishop Mannings, Dr. Frank Cranes, Harold Bell Wrights, and other American diseases—because they have a smaller sounding-board, not because they do not exist; they are everywhere and always with us. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the highroad better than theirs. So far, then, as one can judge from the newspaper there is in Canada no less than in the United States an unlimited and insatiable appetite for every variety of 'bunk'—there seems to be no politer word—patriotic, religious, literary, Rotarian. Not of course that such an appetite is peculiar to Canada, or that a Canadian would not prefer Canada to any other region on earth, but the more patriotic one is the less one may like the motto 'my mother, drunk or sober, my mother.' The best kind of patriotism starts from a full recognition of our defects, not from a serene belief that we haven't our share of illiteracy, stupidity, prejudice, and sophistry. What one misses in Canada is a sufficiently strong body of critical opinion to offset to some degree the easy catchwords which constitute popular opinion; it is so difficult to hear the voice of God above the voice of the people. In this year of Confederation, with its blizzard of school-essays, club-papers, speeches, sermons, editorials, on the glory and the grandeur that are Canada, is it a sign of dyspepsia to wonder if our daily paper is a barometer of the average Canadian mind, and, if so, what can be done about it? It represents, to be sure, the backbone of the country, but, it has been asked, should the backbone be exposed?

## BLAKE AND FUSELI

By H. J. DAVIS

MOST students of English art and literature to-day become first acquainted with the name of Fuseli because of his association with Blake, or else as one of that interesting group of artists and men of letters to be found at the weekly dinners given by Johnson the bookseller, during the last decade of the 18th century at his house, 72, St. Paul's Churchyard. They were nearly all revolutionaries, men and women of dangerous opinions in religion and politics, like Dr. Price, Godwin, Tom Paine, and Mary Woolstonecraft, with Fuseli and sometimes Blake. It was a queer group, and Johnson must have thought it rather a joke to invite them, or at least those of them who still remained in 1798, when he had been imprisoned for his revolutionary sympathies, to continue the weekly dinner in the King's Bench prison.

JOHANN HEINRICH FÜSSEL. Dichter and Maler, by Arnold Federmann. (Orell Füssli Verlag, Zurich; pp. 180, 72 plates; 22 francs).

The influence of this group upon the literature of their time has been fully recognized; and it is therefore curious that the one person who was in many ways the most remarkable among them—and certainly the most attractive to Blake—has been almost entirely neglected.

In the middle of the 19th century Fuseli was still remembered as 'a multifarious and learned author' as well as an artist who painted fantastic pictures like the popular *Nightmare*, and who afterwards became Keeper and Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy. But he has never been recognized as a really significant figure in the art of his time; and it would probably have been thought extravagant to compare him with Sir Joshua Reynolds and to suggest that his work was as representative of the spirit of the new age, as Reynolds was of the preceding generation.

It is the aim of Dr. Federmann in this volume

to show that Fuseli was this—if not more than this. In addition to a short account of his life and work, and his influence upon English and Scandinavian art, he has provided very useful and full information where all the surviving drawings are to be found, and has included excellent reproductions of his work, and for the first time made accessible his early German poems, and his letters to some of his famous contemporaries, like Bodmer and Lavator. The book produces a very different impression from that given by John Knowles, who printed Fuseli's English writings with a formal biography (3 vols.) in 1831. We are not reminded so much of the Professor of Painting at the Academy, with a dignified position in London Society and a brilliant reputation for his amazing feats of memory, and mastery of half-a-dozen languages and literatures.

We see rather a young man of tremendous vitality and astonishingly varied talents, a spirit somewhat akin to that of the young Goethe; a poet and a revolutionary, whose bold action against an unjust Landvogt made it advisable for him to leave his native city Zurich, at the age of 21; a passionate admirer of his countryman Rousseau, whom he defended five years later against the attacks of Hume and Voltaire in a violent pamphlet, where his inability to express himself fully in English seems but to add a roughness to the edge of his vituperation. There is no restraint in his indignation and his passion; and he is proud of it. 'If truth is called error, and argument a dream, if vice mobs virtue, and Quackery pins her mantle to the back of Simplicity—indignation is merit.' Here is a man after Blake's own heart, and a man who could not help soon finding his place at Johnson's dinner-table.

But though his first activities in England were literary he was really an artist, and it was not long before he became known to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much impressed by his work, and advised him to go to Rome, and 'learn the art of painting.' He went, and stayed eight years in Rome, returning to England in 1779, where he lived until his death in 1825. But though he thus accepted the traditional apprenticeship, and though his early work is not unorthodox, he soon showed that he was an original and powerful genius. The more one looks through his work, the more clear it becomes that he belonged essentially not to the world of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but to the world of Blake—the visionary world of the imagination.

Blake certainly thought so. At the time of the failure of Fuseli's great exhibition of Milton paintings, he expresses his disgust and dejection at the blindness, which prevented the recognition of their work, and drives them to go on alone in obscurity—'Fuseli, indignant, almost hid himself. I am hid.'

And he declares that Fuseli is a hundred years ahead of his time. It was not pictures like the *Nightmare*—though that is characteristic enough of a certain manner in Fuseli, which almost suggests the fantastic terrors of Mrs. Radcliffe's stories—nor portrait studies in the fashionable manner—but the pictures which he painted to illustrate Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton that must have attracted Blake.

For the best of these are not merely realistic studies serving as illustrations of a text. Dante and Milton indeed seem to have exercised the greatest fascination upon him because there he found subjects unreal and difficult to visualize, and therefore particularly stimulating to his imagination, always desiring visionary scenes, or 'philosophical ideas made intuitive, or sentiment personified.' 'It was ever his aim'—says an early critic—'to soar in the sublime regions of poetry.' Like Blake he used to say 'Nature puts me out.'

And it is of course here that we are conscious of a similarity between his work and the designs of Blake. Dr. Federmann points out that too much has been made of that phrase of Fuseli's—'Blake is damned easy to steal from'—and also of the fact that Blake's work is admittedly unique, his genius independent and underivative except in certain obvious and superficial qualities. And he challenges us to compare the work of Fuseli before 1787 with the work of Blake after that date, to see whether we shall not find at every step the influence of the older work which Fuseli had almost certainly shown to Blake. We should however require more than the one definite example he gives to be convinced that Fuseli's work had ever affected Blake very strongly. He admired it, and approved of his method; but he never came as it were within the grip of his genius, never caught from him any of that exuberance and gusto, which makes so much of Fuseli's work almost theatrical, and comes perilously near converting the heroic into the melodramatic, and the fanciful into the fantastic.

But Blake owed much, nevertheless, to Fuseli's friendship. He was cheered by his encouragement and understanding, and—perhaps more important still—he was stimulated by this cosmopolitan man of letters and lover of poetry. It is impossible now to estimate how great Blake's debt was; but we know, for instance, that it was through Fuseli, who translated Lavater's *Aphorisms* into English, that Blake came to know that book, so much of which seemed to him to be 'pure gold'. It is most probable too that it was through Fuseli that Blake first came to a real knowledge of Dante.

In the early days after Fuseli's return from Rome, he lived near Blake, and they may have met frequently. But though they always remained good

friends, they were probably never very intimate; and Gilchrist's story of Blake's visit to the Academy in 1817 to make a drawing from the cast of the Laocoon group, suggests that Fuseli's attitude was always cordial but just a little, though not unpleasantly, patronising.

'What, you here, Meesther Blake, said Keeper Fuseli; we ought to come and learn of you, not you of us! Blake (then sixty) took his place with the students, exulted over his work, says Mr. Tatham, like a young disciple; meeting his old friend Fuseli's congratulations and kind remarks with cheerful, simple joy.'

It should not be forgotten moreover that Blake has himself left a record of their acquaintanceship, which among all the boyish squibs or bitterer epigrams, jotted down in the note-books, is in a higher strain of compliment than he deigned to bestow upon anyone else:

'The only Man that e'er I knew  
Who did not make me almost spew  
Was Fuseli.'



### GOETHE

GOETHE, by J. G. Robertson (Routledge; pp. viii, 263; 6/-).

THIS is a peculiarly disappointing work. Its author is probably the best-informed living English authority on German literature; its subject is the greatest of German poets; and its size, as one of the 'Republic of Letters' series, big enough for a man to speak his mind in. Professor Robertson's previous study of Goethe was a small students' manual, his present volume is a critical survey of average dimensions.

What an opportunity! Not to sound a trumpet, but at least to say something positive and illuminating on this noble subject. And to say it to English readers who stand in such need of illumination. There was a time indeed when the best English minds had a reasonable understanding of this best of German minds. George Henry Lewes, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, George Meredith, Walter Pater, these were men who, each in his own fashion, knew what Goethe stood for. Of whom can we say as much to-day in English lands? Is it not generally true that there is no real understanding of Goethe now by the English mind, that the lamp which Carlyle and Lewes lighted went out near the turn of the century and has not yet been seen again? One good recent book on Goethe there

is, Hume Brown's two-volume Life of him, but it is too modestly biographical, too unspeculative, to stir the mind that comes inertly to it. It trimmed the lamp, we might say, but left it unlighted.

For any who care for Goethe some such thoughts as these are inevitable, when a new book on him appears. They compel us to examine the book in a severely critical spirit, but there is no help for it. Instead of attempting some positive analysis of Goethe's genius, as it was his bounden duty to do under the circumstances, Professor Robertson does the reverse, he seems to be more conscious of Goethe's shortcomings than of his gifts.

Thus, the author regrets that Goethe's originally naive, unreflective genius became philosophical: 'When he renounced the 'naive' for the reflective, the high lights of his genius went out.' He discovers 'a dark side' in Goethe's scientific pursuits, 'a certain incompatibility, even antagonism, between his scientific and his literary activity.' He seems to deplore the friendship of Goethe and Schiller, finding 'a kind of metaphysical incitement in Schiller's criticism, which had a paralysing effect on Goethe's genius.' In his summing-up he comments on 'the discrepancy between Goethe's genius and his creations' and, contrasting him unfavourably with other great poets, finds 'no disintegrating polarity of the Goethean type in Homer or Dante, in Sophocles or Shakespeare'. Of Goethe's cosmopolitanism he says it was 'merely the expression of political homelessness and political impotency, not necessarily a virtue at all'.

Our disagreement must not be taken as implying that these fault-findings are not arguable. From one point of view—not, we believe, the soundest—it is possible to see Goethe thus. The point of view is that which regards Goethe as a potential Shakespeare who failed to fulfil his promise. Goethe began with masterpieces of natural outpouring, *Götz*, *Werther*, the first *Faust*, and some magical lyrics, and Professor Robertson implies that he might have continued thus, writing one completed creative work, drama or epic or novel, after another, if he had not spread himself so much, if he had thrown physic to the dogs, kept Schiller in his place, and sacrificed everything to spontaneity. Here, for once, we cling to the belief that the type of genius which was Shakespeare's was only possible in Shakespeare's day and that for Goethe to be the original great man that Professor Robertson admittedly takes him to be it was necessary for him to be different in type, to be *sui generis* as all great men are. But even if we grant the tenableness of viewing Goethe exclusively from this Shakespearean angle, Professor Robertson does not stick to his guns, because he discovers in the emotional nature, which he would have liked Goethe to trust, a deep-seated untrustworthiness. 'His great creations from *Götz* to

*Faust* are trivialised—as our own Shakespeare's never are—by this dominating sex-complex'. How, we ask, could such an one thrive as a naive poet?

In justice it must be added that Professor Robertson has no intention of reducing Goethe's stature in our eyes; it is rather that, while possessed of a sense of Goethe's greatness, he is better able to analyse his strictures than his commendations and can only state these latter roundly without driving them home. He does make us feel his appreciation of *Werther* and for this we may be grateful, but he writes half apologetically of the Second Part of *Faust*; and he clings throughout to a working definition of the 'creative artist' which is quite incompatible with Goethe's notion of it. 'That very polarity, which was so disturbing a factor in his work as an artist only added to the completeness as a man, as the artist of his own life'. Surely Goethe's ambition and achievement was to break down this partition between the artist of the works and the artist of life; Professor Robertson, going directly counter to his poet's intention, has done his best to rebuild the partition. Hence, therefore, his failure to express and perhaps his failure to see the integrity of Goethe's genius, which lay finally in his life-long endeavour to 'grow' his works out of the full harmony of his nature and experience and in his continual refusal to 'make' the works with some part of himself, while some other part of him slept. Goethe was not true to this ideal at every moment, but he always came back to it and it was his to the end. Witness the *Marienbad Elegy*, written when he was over seventy, and the fifth act of the Second Part of *Faust*, which came still later. There is here an achieved ideal, worthy to rank with the best in the history of the human spirit.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

### POLITICAL MYTHOLOGY

POLITICAL MYTHS AND ECONOMIC REALITIES, by Francis Delaisi (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 446; \$4.00).

IT is by a singular coincidence that I finished reading this fascinating book as the Winnipeg Convention was nearing its close. Mr. Bennett has published to the world the fact that the first thing that Canada must do is to build up a strong national consciousness. M. Delaisi would say of this national consciousness what Canon Barnes has said of the Book of Genesis—that it must be classed as a part of an ancient mythology. The complexity of our modern economic organisation which makes the wealthiest county in England dependent upon the Southern United States for its raw materials and upon the whole civilised world for its market, which makes Germany dependent upon France for her iron ore and France upon Germany for her coke, forces us to produce goods

and consume them as citizens of the world. But just as philosophic Athenians continued to invoke the Delphic Oracle, and the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers continued to believe in witches, so we in the present day cling desperately to those political myths which our lusty world has outgrown. In economics, reality; in politics, mythology.

But lest we be accused of abusing an analogy, of doing Mr. Bennett an injustice, and of treating with scant courtesy the laudable aspirations of those whom Mr. Bennett leads to listen to *O Canada* over the radio rather than *America*, and to read English as it should be written between the covers of a Canadian magazine, we will confine our attention to that world towards which M. Delaisi points his morals—that armed camp which is Europe.

Our author has set himself the task of proving a thesis and he has done it well. Step by step, and with the development of society, he unfolds to us the successive developments of those myths by which the ruling classes of every country sought to preserve the institutions of society. Always 'mythical dogmatism is the most formidable obstacle to the inevitable evolution of human society'. The pagan myth of 'fate' strove hard against that re-endowment of the Western world with a collective conscience which came with the Christian myth of Salvation. Mayhap the Christian myth fought its good fight against that myth which was so essential to the softening of the rigors of the feudal system—the myth of a chivalry which conferred honour on the individual. But the feudal system was not enough. Those highly important and ever-hospitable monks of Cluny, with lands scattered over half a continent, discovered in the tenth century that he who denied his Saviour thrice was the first Bishop of Rome. The papal myth brought emperors to their knees, and gave the Middle Ages a semblance of a new *Pax Romana*. But the kings had gained in strength, and with the crumbling of the power of the barons we have that monarchical myth which makes these heirs of all the Caesars responsible to God alone. Finally, we have a democratic myth which has exacted obedience when the others merely strove for non-resistance.

The propagation of these myths has usually gone on unconsciously at first, and militantly when the myth was strong. On the other hand the attack upon the myth has usually developed upon that chosen group of men of genius whom their common-place neighbours first hold to be insane. Socrates in Athens (A Modern advertiser has called him 'Old Sox') first laughed the gods to scorn and then came near toasting them in his death-cup of hemlock. The chivalry of doughty knights and weeping ladies could not resist Don Quixote's charge upon the windmill. That bold monk of Erfurt—Martin Luther—snapped his fingers with such violence that the pope shook upon his



FRENCH CANADIAN CHURCH  
EVENING

BY ARTHUR LISMER

throne. An English philosopher—John Locke—gave an expectant Europe his body-blow at the divine right of kings. And, although Mr. Delaisi seems to refuse to do him that honour, undoubtedly that sage of Baltimore—Mr. H. L. Mencken—would be willing to admit that his polemics merely need a few more years of popularization to convince the world of the futility of that myth which is democracy.

Here is a story of a rise and fall of myths to support the main thesis of the book. But it is the myth of nationality in which our author is most interested and this he exposes with a small show of mercy. Is nationality founded upon common historical traditions? In the nineteenth century Joan of Arc is numbered among the saints and leads the nobles of France against 'the hereditary enemy'. But in her own age Saint Joan was a religious fanatic who was finally burned as a witch by the very church which later canonised her, after she had been betrayed by the king whom she sought to serve. In fact, it could easily be proved that the myth of nationality did not really develop until the revolutionaries of France revealed an entire people embattled against the mercenaries or pressed troops of the kings of Europe. France became a nation rather than a king's estate and, after France, the other countries of Europe soon became conscious of their nationality.

Perhaps in no part of the book is the influence of myths more adroitly revealed than in the author's treatment of the common claim that there is a national genius in literature. From the common-place statement that 'Masterpieces are international because they are human', he goes on to point out that Descartes, whom Frenchmen call their greatest philosopher, devised his *Discourse on Method* in Germany, found refuge in Holland, and died in Sweden. 'Voltaire in order to think aloud lived at the Court of Frederick II. or in Switzerland'. And right down through the years every masterpiece which is now hailed as the glory of France began by being rejected in the name of French taste.

While the economy of a country continued to be essentially agrarian the myth of nationality was the most perfect of civilisation. But with those great economic changes which we are accustomed to call the industrial revolution the nations of Europe successively became industrialised, and with every degree of industrialisation became more closely bound to one another. And with this closer binding in an economic sense went a growing estrangement in an economic sense. Science and technique have been dissociated from social and political institutions as if they existed upon parallel planes. Right down through the nineteenth century we had a developing political *chauvinism* which was typical of every country of Europe. France brought her Napoleon from St. Helena and placed him in the *Invalides*; Germany bowed to her

Fichte; Great Britain finally discovered an imperialism by which she is often erroneously accused of being actuated in the eighteenth century. All over Europe we have the suppressed nationalities stirring themselves and searching back into history for lost languages and forgotten poets. French soil becomes sacred and inviolable; French art calls other arts barbarian; the French language becomes the most musical rather than merely the most useful; French women become the most beautiful; *pâté de foie gras* becomes the food of kings. Year by year as countries were being bound more closely together economically they were being more and more estranged politically and culturally. When economics dictated mutual dependence, politics dictated business wars with their concomitants of commercial treaties, *cartels bounties*, and all these other features of a seeming peaceful strife. The result was inevitable. An overweening nationalism precipitated the world war with all its horrors and destruction of life and property.

It would seem that the world might have had its lesson. But no! Mr. Delaisi gives President Wilson credit for being a prophet of Israel among the worshippers of the Baal of national selfishness. Yet it cannot be forgotten that it was Mr. Wilson who laid down those principles of self-determination for nations which immediately tried to strangle each other economically. But if Mr. Wilson laid down the principle of nationality determining the peace treaty, the other statesmen of Europe were eager to avail themselves of the principle. Each nation tried to best its neighbour in a competitive struggle for raw materials and markets. And here, as with the war, the result was inevitable. Slowly and painfully the nations of Europe are beginning to realize that just because the reality is economic there is mythology in their politics. The Peace Treaty has broken down completely, after it had worked its bitter results and left its legacy of ruin, disappointment, and even hate in a still embattled Europe. Perhaps with the passing of the years since the break-down of the Treaty of Versailles there has been a growing feeling of international liberalism.

Certainly, M. Delaisi is optimistic about some organizations which have been born of the stress of these post-war years. Here is an economist who delights the hearts of the Babbitts by hailing the International Chamber of Commerce as the greatest force which has appeared for the reconciliation of myth and reality. What the I.C.C. will do for commerce the International Labour Office will do for labour problems and the League of Nations will do for Politics. Some might call our author optimistic indeed.

But if our author is optimistic his is an optimism which is convincing. So interesting is his style, so apt his illustrations, so penetrating his analysis that the reader who in a slightly unguarded moment might be willing to grant his premises will find himself carried

along to a granting of the conclusions. A French economist has contributed a fascinating book upon a fascinating subject.

HUNTLY M. SINCLAIR.

### SOME BOOKS ON ART

DON JUAN, by Lord Byron, with 93 Illustrations and decorations by John Austen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 408; \$6.00).

MAYA AND MEXICAN ART, by Thomas Athol Joyce, with 82 Illustrations from photographs (The Studio, London; pp. viii, 191; 10/6).

DECORATIVE ART, 1927; Architecture, Furniture, Decoration, Etc., with Introduction by Sir Lawrence Weaver. 340 Illustrations, 8 plates in colour (The Studio; pp. viii, 174; wrappers 7/6, cloth 10/6).

FAMOUS SPORTING PRINTS, a series each containing 8 large reproductions in colour after fine old prints (The Studio; 5/-).

MASTERS OF THE COLOUR PRINT, a series each containing 8 large reproductions in colour (The Studio; 5/-).

MASTERS OF ETCHING, No. 13, James McNeil Whistler, No. 14, Charles Meryon. Each with 12 plates and introduction by M. C. Salaman (The Studio; 5/-).

DRAWING AND DESIGN (The Studio; Monthly 1/-).

COMMERCIAL ART (The Studio; Monthly 1/-).

TRANSFORMATIONS, Critical and speculative essays on Art, by Roger Fry, with 36 plates (Chatto & Windus; pp. vii, 230; 31/6).

THE book reviewer rarely has an opportunity to 'mature' his books by keeping them; publishers may believe in the immortality of their goods but tomorrow is not now for them. Present sales are preferred to future fame. The books that book-sellers like to keep are ruled in nice blue-lined columns and have a weighty balance on the home side. All of which is simple camouflage for the fact that here are books which should have been reviewed long ago. Will publishers please accept the reviewer's most arrogant apologies and comfort themselves, as he does, in the fact that most of the books still seem worthy of reading and possession.

*Don Juan*, for instance,—a handsome 'blood' of a book, as befits subject and author, is beautifully illustrated and printed. The illustrations by John Austen are striking in invention and technique, all in a modernized wood-cut manner, with heavy blacks and delicate outline and gray toning of white lines scratched in the black. Very properly they are naughty in places, though obviously not as naughty as they would like to be. They have also a boudoir perfume rather than the odour of sporting tanbark. They miss the swashbuckling manliness of the book. Their hero is a *couturier* adventuring madly among his

ladies, and too often the ladies seem like languid dolls. The clear white cloth cover also leans the book in this direction. But the pictures are full of the modern cleverness. What they do is done with art, grace, and distinction. And what a book they decorate. What a masterpiece of rhyme, raillery, scandal, cynicism, and adventure. One puts it down with sadness at the perversion of such a mind. This would be a book of special art interest to the student and illustrator.

In *Maya and Mexican Art*, we have one to interest the designer, decorator, and archaeologist. It is one of a series, each devoted to a great artistic period of the past. It is abundantly illustrated with clear half-tones and gives a general view of the arts and crafts of ancient Central America. Here are the queer intricacies of ornament, the stone and wood carving, the human and animal forms, the strange horizontal architecture of the mysterious Mayans. The character and purpose of the book is sketched clearly by the author in his introduction:—

Though the artistic products of Mexico and Central America are relatively modern in the scale of time, the fact that iron was unknown, that copper was rare and bronze only an accident, that the principle of the potter's wheel, and also of the true arch, was undiscovered, enforce the right of the Central American artist to be judged by stone-age standards. The remarkable results which he achieved, working under these limitations, constitute a striking chapter in the history of art, to illustrate which is the purpose of this volume.

In *Decorative Art 1927*, we have another *Studio* publication, a modern complement to the Mayan book, a review of the year's work in every form of domestic architecture, furniture, pottery, metalwork, glassware and textiles. Sir Lawrence Weaver, the well-known exhibition organizer and authority on architecture and decorative work, opens the door very pleasantly for the reader and obligingly takes him right through. Here are bungalows and bureaus, cottage curtains and flower-pots, bedrooms and library decorations, from Faroe to Finisterre. Sir Lawrence is no believer in looking backwards. He looks about him and finds it good to be alive. He thinks he has found a 'universal aesthetic emotion throughout Europe, not so much antagonistic to tradition as eagerly welcoming to novelty', and he is glad to show how his exhibits indicate this feeling.

The *Famous Sporting Print* Series and the *Masters of the Colour Print* Series are an effort on the part of the *Studio* to produce a new type of cheap colour print. The new form avoids the necessity of printing on glazed paper. The effect is richer, fuller, and softer. The subjects in the sporting series are naturally fitted to decorate Mr. Winkle's chambers, but most of us can find a reminiscent pleasure in them. We can love them for grandmother's sake. We have sold her antimacassars and horse-hair sofas to the Antique Shoppes, but these old prints have an

old red-faced hearty graphic quality, and we can keep them in such books as these. Surely no normal human being could miss the gregarious pleasure of the Derby in these things even though he was fully aware of the faulty horse movement and the raree-show composition. They are in our blood, like Christmas and hanging and Foreign Missions and Empire, Even Chicago could hardly resist them. The portrait of the horse, 'Eleanor, dam of Muley, by Whisky' might hang happily over the mayor's desk. The colour print series should lie on Sheraton tables with 18th century authors in original calf beside them. They are the kind of pictures that Johnson or Boswell and Hannah More used to look at by candle light with free admiration for a pretty cheek or a good bust.

The high standard of the successful series, *Masters of Etching*, is well maintained in the volumes on Whistler and Meryon, the delicate mastery of Whistler, and the firm definiteness of Meryon being perfectly shown in these excellent reproductions. Whistler did not believe in 'a tolerable egg', but these books would convince him of the possibility of a 'tolerable' print. Any one of these prints would make a good Christmas present and there are twelve in each book.

Other *Studio* publications in our pile are the new monthlies, *Design* and *Commercial Art*. The latter is especially bright and interesting in its survey of the endless novelties of advertising design. *Design* is devoted more to the side of graphic art, illustration, drawing, and engraving, with a leaning to the modern intensifications of form.

*Transformations* is a book which should be carefully examined, and one regrets that it is impossible to give it little more than a respectful paragraph here. Roger Fry is probably the most elevated critic of art now writing. His book may be regarded as an endurance test in aesthetics for the reader. On the rarefied heights it reaches it seems to a humble and panting reviewer that Mr. Fry might sit down and enjoy the scenery instead of analyzing the nails in his climbing boots. But Mr. Fry carries a lot of equipment with him and he must use it. Who can tell what robust theory of aesthetics may not result from his fastidious divisions of delicate emotion. He sorts and weighs individuals like Sargent, Van Gogh, Seurat, Fra Bartolommeo. Poor Sargent cannot outweigh the feather of truth. Broad questions of aesthetics are impressively discussed by Mr. Fry, 'Art and the State', 'Culture and Snobism', 'Plastic Colour', etc., etc. His book is an ideal one for Directorates of art galleries. It establishes their work, though many might have to submit themselves painfully to the master, seeing, for instance, what seems to be a scribbled scratchy drawing of the nude revealed in such terms as these:—

The nude reproduced here shows with what freedom from all calligraphic preoccupations he follows his response to plasticity, with what indifference to any constataions which are irrelevant to his apprehension of the volumes.

How many a child's drawing might be described in these terms. One's unaesthetic soul remembers Henry Thoreau's comment, 'Let us make haste to the report of the Committee on Swine'. But *Transformations* really does transform, on the whole with beauty and nobility.

J. E. H. M.

## GOLDEN DAYS ON THE IVORY COAST

ALOYSIUS HORN: THE IVORY COAST IN THE EARLIES, edited by Ethelreda Lewis and with an introduction by John Galsworthy (Nelson; pp. 320; \$2.50).

IF you look at a map of Africa in the seventies you will see on the west coast, about half way between the Congo and Cameroon, the lower reaches of the Ogowe River and its tributaries clearly marked, but their course above the first two hundred miles or so is only suggested by dotted lines through a blank expanse labelled 'Gorilla Country' and beyond is a great empty sweep right across to Lake Albert Nyanza marked 'Unexplored'. It was into this unsullied Africa that Aloysius Horn, aged 17, trader for Hatton & Cookson of Liverpool, penetrated fifty-five years ago, and where he spent the happiest years of his life. Du Chaillu, who wrote the book on gorillas, had been ahead of him; but Du Chaillu had only reached Samba Falls on the Angani: young Horn heard the Frenchman's music-box tinkle out *Il Trovatore* in a cannibal's hut at the Falls and then pushed on in. The rivers carried him—'Nature's idea for a street, rivers'—and he saw Africa as few living men have seen it, 'Africa—as Nature meant her to be, the home of the black man and the quiet elephant'. He had the insatiable curiosity that is the making of naturalists, novelists, and philosophers; he 'could never have his fill' of watching, and the Africa he loved to watch has been retained bright and complete in the storehouse of a remarkable memory whose treasures it has been Mrs. Lewis's privilege to secure for the world.

The old trader strings his shining memories on the story of an English girl he found a captive goddess in a Joss House and whom he eventually rescued. Once fairly started he shows no mean skill in patterning his 'facts and novelties' into a spirited narrative that is rounded out by the pithy conversations with his editor which she has recorded and sandwiched between the chapters. And the result is what Mr. Galsworthy has truly called a gorgeous book. It has the actuality of a natural thing that has grown from its own life within; it has a bloom on it that no

## General Literature

### MODES and MANNERS of the XIXth CENTURY

By Max Von Boehn & Oskar Fischel  
In Four Vols., sold in sets only  
**\$12.00**

The fourth volume, 1879-1914, is just off the press, and will be sold separately at \$3.00 to make present sets complete. No change in fashion, however minute, has been missed in this fascinating record. 36 colored plates, 200 other illustrations.

### The MARRIAGE of HEAVEN and HELL

By William Blake

A facsimile in colors and gold of the original work of 1825-27, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Eng. An exquisite piece of artistry.

**\$6.00**

### MACKENZIE and HIS VOYAGEURS

By Arthur P. Woollacott, F.R.G.S.  
**\$2.00**

36 half-tone illustrations. A graphic account of the famous canoe trips to the Arctic and Pacific Oceans, 1789-93. A typically Canadian book, telling a marvellous story of human pluck and endurance.

### The TEACHING of the OLD BOY

By Tom MacInnes

The philosophy of Tau Tze, one of the greatest of the Wise Men of China, 600 years B.C. This clever translation brings to the world for the first time noble ideals and rules of life which, though sometimes varying from Christianity, cannot be gainsaid.

**\$1.50**

### ABOUT ENGLAND

By M. V. Hughes

Colored frontispiece and many charming line drawings. This informal guide-book to the real England, that tourists do not know, will be a source of delight to lovers of the little mother-Isle, and indispensable to those about to visit her. A charming book in all ways.

**\$1.50**

## Fiction

*For Discriminating Readers*

### SAVOUR of SALT

By Florence Randal Livesay

A perfectly delightful story about a small Irish Catholic community in rural Ontario. The quaint customs and superstitions of these plain and lovable folk told with delicate humor. "Auntie McCool" will remain with you when the book is laid aside.

**\$2.00**

### AKHNATON, KING of EGYPT

By Dmitri Merezhkovsky

A powerful and passionate novel of the days of Tutankhamen and Cleo, the priestess. A fitting sequel to that successful story by the same great writer, "The Birth of the Gods."

**\$2.00**

### A SUBALTERN on the SOMME

By Mark VII.

The most realistic war-story yet written. By a young officer, one of those splendid young civilian-soldiers whom Britain sent by thousands into the holocaust of War. This brings the war home to those who waited and prayed for "our boys."

**\$2.00**

### The KINGDOM of the SUN

By A. M. Stephen

Telling how a certain "gentleman adventurer" sailed the Pacific coast with Drake, and found a wonderful white princess among the tribes of warring Indians. Gripping from cover to cover.

**\$2.00**

### The BLACK CANYON (For Boys)

By B. A. McKelvie

This rapidly moving tale of daring and adventure in the early days of British Columbia will appeal as much to grown-ups as to boys and girls.

**\$1.50**

## Everyman's Library

This world-known Library has added six more volumes recently, bringing the total of its books up to 806.

### 801 The LIFE and LETTERS of JOHN KEATS

By Richard Monckton Milnes

This, the earliest biography of the poet, still holds its own after seventy-nine years. No more moving story was ever penned.

### 802-3 The BROTHERS KARAMAZOV 2 Volumes

By Theodor Dostoevsky

This, the greatest of its author's novels, has been reprinted by special arrangement with Messrs. Heinemann. Unlike the French and American versions, this edition is complete and unabridged.

### 804 The ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

By W. Harrison Ainsworth

In this book Ainsworth takes the famous Scottish hero to France, and gives him there adventures so marvellous as to win our unstinted admiration.

### 805 The LIFE of JESUS

By Ernest Renan

In an analysis of Renan's "Subtle scepticism," a critic said, "He intended it as a sympathetic reconstruction of the human side of the life of Christ."

### 806 A BOOK of NON-SENSE

By Edward Lear and others

In this joyous volume, dedicated to Every Girl and Boy, we have Non-sense in prose and verse from many sources, including Lear's delicious first book of rhymes with the original drawings. This is a nursery classic for all time.

Any of the above in Cloth, 55 cents;  
Library binding, 75 cents.

FULL LIBRARY LIST AND LITERARY PAMPHLETS FREE.



Published at Aldine House  
224 Bloor Street West —By— Toronto 5, Ont.  
**J. M. DENT & SONS, LIMITED**

creation of any professional writer can ever show, and it is packed as tight as a clingstone peach. A whole country with its people and animal life is within its covers. For example, there is only one passing reference to the native buffalo, but after reading it that animal is a quick reality: 'There are a few small buffalo but their horn or corona after leaving the temple plate are straight up and make them greatly feared by lone hunters as they will often charge at sight and can walse round like a buck.' Or take this description of a tree leopard: 'Once he jumps on you your chances of life are very small. Fixing his fangs in your flesh he sucks blood at the same time rapidly working his hind claws you are soon torn to death.'

But these are the observations of a hunter, and Aloysius was more than a hunter, as witness this passage from his description of Lake Azingo the clear:—

I'd sit there staring at the water—and one day I saw the strange birth of the dragon-flies. All those creatures—sort of caddis it was—in dozens. A regular school, climbing up on the gunwale out of the water. I was near the bank and there must 'a been some water plants touching the boat's bottom. And after they'd got dry in the sun there came one bright drop of water on the tail-end of each. Then it shot a tail out and unfolded itself and shook out its new wings 'as if they'd felt crumpled in the packing and turned all fancy colours before my very eyes. 'Twas like the sun pouring colour into them that'd been empty. All the colours you could name. And eyes—beautiful.

And on the same page the naturalist is merged in the philosopher:—

Increase your dragon-flies and you'll lessen the mosquito output. . . Aye, the balance of Nature—leave it alone and it'll function to perfection—I've seen a kind of carp once that could move out o' the water with some rudiments of legs he'd got. In process of evolution towards a lizard is how I diagnose him. Got the land hunger as they say. On the move, same as Abraham with his flocks and herds. Aye, 'tis the great instinct of man and beast for movement that keeps the world spinning over and over in space.

Lamarckian reflections like this spring naturally from the old trader's self-reliant philosophy; it is the philosophy hammered out by his Viking ancestors and which has upheld their survivors in every age who have pushed their way beyond the fringe of civilization and left their mark or their bones on the rivers of the world. It is not surprising that Aloysius Horn 'of the old Fist-and-Spear' understood the cannibals and got on well with them; they, too, were gentlemen, with pride of race; their way of life was the same as his 'ancestors', the rivers were their open roads, hunting and fighting their natural business, and their pleasure was in eating and drinking royally together while the tribal bard sang the long saga of the deeds of their forefathers to the music of the harp. Their tribal code appealed to him: 'Always hunt on one bank of the river. Trust no man. Keep

your women pure. Have no slaves.' Aloysius found this sound:—

You've got to learn from the noble savage the law of rivers. Make friends on one bank of the river and do it well and good. Then there's safe navigation. Neither in politics nor in real life can a man make friends on both banks of the river. . .

Whenever you lose a fight in Africa you're lost. There's no softness about Nature. When you're driven from the herd it's for good. I've seen a beaten old chief weep. Cover his eyes like a child. No wounds, mind you. But his heart broken. Aye, he knows there's no redress, in a state of Nature. No newspaper talk to prop him up again. None of this so-called diplomacy. He sees finis written all over the sunlight, same as an old elephant.

And in another place Aloysius puts his finger on the vital difference between the savage and the educated man:—

When a savage loses his kin his heart breaks. . . All he knows of pleasure comes not from food but from eating it with his kind. Not from hunting, but from hunting with his tribe. . . The first thing education teaches you is to walk alone. Aye, you can sure stand on your own spear when you've learnt the word good-bye, and say it clear.

It was on the *Pioneer*, Livingstone's old paddle steamer, that Horn first traded up and down the lower reaches of the Ogowe; on its high waters he used the native canoes. Later his firm sent him out a small light-draft tug from England ('The high steamboat has given birth to this little one,' said the black boys), and it was on this that he was able to take the first lady missionary up to Samba Falls. Aloysius was a discriminating critic of missionaries, but he rated this one A.I. at Lloyds. Her memory is more to him than that of Lola, the English girl, whose true story runs like a thread of fiction through his book. A Presbyterian, she was, from Cincinnati. 'Why, what's the matter, Mr. Horn?' she said to him in front of a cannibal temple decorated with the skulls of strangers, 'Isn't God here just the same as in America?' 'Looking at her face,' says Aloysius, 'you couldn't deny it—Hasken was it, or Haskeyne—I've forgotten how she spelt her name, but I mean the mission lady who went as far as Du Chaillu. She wrote nothing about it. She just died. No bombast about her.'

Much has happened to the trader since those young days of long ago; the Wanderlust has driven him over five continents, and we hope to hear more of his later history in later books; but it is plain that his fondest memories are of those African rivers of his youth. He loved them. 'Rivers I've seen where no white man had been. . . Like a snake with green sides. The middle stream its silvery belly. The crystals of the dew wetting the fine air at dusk when you're watching the transfiguration of the mountains. And kingfishers with their toppings of bright gold. . . ' A thousand nights he pitched his camp on their banks or islands, to be wakened in the morning by

# THESE ARE OUTSTANDING ON OUR LISTS

## APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

### TRANSITION, by Will Durant.

After *THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY* Dr. Durant needs no introduction. The value of that book to the thinking public has been attested by a quarter of a million readers. To-day he appears with an autobiography, but an autobiography which is more than personal, for it illustrates as few books do the unrest, the doubt, the rejection of old ideals and the forging of new which is characteristic of this age. Dr. Durant was brought up in New England by French-Canadian Catholic parents, and is now an independent philosopher. Cardinal Newman has described the steps which led him into the Roman Church; Dr. Durant tells of those which led him irresistibly away from it.

\$3.00

## A THING OF BEAUTY

### THE UGLY DUCHESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger

Lion Feuchtwanger's first historical novel—*POWER*—swept Germany, Austria, England, the United States, and Canada as few books, good or bad, ever do. That it is a first-rate novel the reviews in all these countries attest. His second—*THE UGLY DUCHESS*—is just as remarkable, but it is swifter, gentler, and more easily read. The author's ability to depict inner tragedy amid the whirl of public affairs appears to even greater advantage in this sympathetic story of the ugly duchess whose inherent goodness and far-seeing plans of government, in an age when men sought only beauty from women, were frustrated on every hand by her repulsive features.

\$2.50

## AN ACCUSATION

### MONEY WRITES, by Upton Sinclair

Not since *THE JUNGLE* startled the world a generation ago has Upton Sinclair so stirred the public as he did with *OIL!* which, besides being a remarkably human and moving story of all sorts and conditions of people, is a powerful and shrewd description of the American "big business" methods which culminated in the Teapot Dome scandal. From a novel on oil Mr. Sinclair has once more turned his attention to American literature—"Magazine

Dope" and lighter fiction. His indictment is just as scathing and impartial as it was of American journalism in *THE BRASS CHECK*. As the magazines read in Canada, as well as most of our cheap fiction, come from "across the line," no Canadian can afford to be ignorant of the secret springs from which they draw their inspiration. Mr. Sinclair has many disturbing things to tell the free-minded.

\$2.50

## OUT OF THE MOUTHS

### THE YOUNGER GENERATION, by Elizabeth Benson

Miss Benson is certainly qualified to speak for the younger generation, as her present age—duly certified—is but fourteen. That she is qualified to appear as an author is evident from the fact that at thirteen she was a freshman at Barnard (one of the most distinguished of women's colleges in America) and before that date had had articles accepted by *VANITY FAIR*. Her book forms a lively and telling defence of the younger generation, and a trenchant attack on the 'fake younger generation' (people from 25 to 40 years) whose sensational activities have brought the real younger generation into disrepute. It should be read by the Real Younger Generation for ammunition to use against interfering elders; by the Fake Younger Generation to learn what mere youngsters think of their goings on; and by the older generation to achieve some understanding of the other two groups.

\$1.50

## A WRITER FINDS HIMSELF

### THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder.

With the appearance of his first book, *THE CABALA*, Thornton Wilder was greeted in England as a new writer of outstanding literary merit. The beauty of his prose was compared with the best of Walter Pater. This, his second novel, is receiving no less attention, both in Britain and America, not only for the unusual beauty and simplicity of his style, but for the delicate power with which he delineates his characters. In addition he has achieved the distinction of weaving a fascinating plot around a great actress in Peru.

\$2.50

# IRWIN & GORDON, LIMITED

66 Temperance Street - - - - TORONTO 2

the dawn cry of the gorilla, 'the sound that throws all newcomers into a shiver. A yell that you'd never be prepared for in fifty years, and a growl that feels like a tremor you could touch if you put your hand to the ground. The Dawn-Maker, the natives call him, same as we say chanticleer.' No wonder that in the penury of a rolling-stone's old age he could not find compensation for memories like that in the cinemas of Johannesburg. No wonder that when he began to write down memories like that he found there was something in writing 'like armour to the feelings'. It was a kindly wave of chance that threw him up on the doorstep of Mrs. Lewis, the novelist; but it is himself, the tempered soul of him, that has made his book the fine perdurable thing it is. When one closes it and thinks of the old man having to write those golden pages in a doss house in a dirty city, one flushes with shame for our civilization. But that natural feeling gives place to one of satisfaction with the complete appropriateness of his achievement. For his philosophy that served him so long and well in a state of Nature has stood by him in the complex life of the cities and has pulled him through. In a new world, working at a new craft, and with his old strength gone from him, he has not only survived but he has triumphed; his book knocks all the best-sellers of the season into a cocked hat; and his last years will be lived out in comfort due entirely to what, as he would say, he has been able to seize for himself from the circumstances of Fortune.

R. DE B.

## JALNA

JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 347; \$2.00).

THIS is not a novel at all. Miss de la Roche has undoubtedly some of the qualifications needed by a novelist: she writes sound, clear, agreeable and skilful English (though I wish she would not say 'thrived' for 'throve'); she observes with precision and humour; she realizes excellently that festering mass of bad temper, wastefulness, and mental frustration which makes up 'family life' for a great assembly of kinsfolk who have neither the sense nor the initiative to leave home. No doubt it was these merits which secured the Atlantic prize. There is no mistaking the skill of such things as:—

On the way out the ayah died and was buried at sea, her dark form settling meekly into the cold Western waters.

His passion, which in other affairs had burst forth like a flamboyant red flower without foliage, now reared its head almost timidly through tender leaves of protectiveness and pure affection.

His words overwhelmed her. She was like a mariner who, fearing certain shoals, watching with both dread and desire for the light that warned of their nearness, is suddenly blinded by that light full in the eyes.

Nevertheless Jalna is not a novel, for it has no

clearly-marked backbone of developed action or feeling. We are presented with a chaotic family, and shown scenes from the emotional life of each member. Just as one interest is growing to fulness we are switched over to another. This fact of course suggests that there is after all a centre of the story—namely the house itself, or rather the crawling antheap of a family considered as one mass. Such a view might be reinforced by the unpleasantness of every character in the book; they are a pack of louts only artificially redeemed by conversation of which in real life they would be incapable. The only unloutish persons are Alayne, the colourless wife from New York, and little Wakefield, who is quite incredible—a repellent blend of nasty boy and precocious girl. But that view, though attractive, cannot be heartily maintained; for it provides no progression, what little there is of this being found in the individual lives of a few, and there again it is broken off short.

G. N.

## SHORT NOTICES

COME TRUE, A ONE-ACT PLAY, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillans in Canada; 75 cents).

THIS is a charming little play which should prove easy for amateur actors—five men and two women—and has been acted in the Hart House Theatre, Toronto. Four men are inmates of an Old People's Home and after some amusing dialogue one of them receives a handsome legacy. Next moment he learns by accident that his sweetheart of forty years ago is also an inmate and they are reunited in a touching and beautiful scene.

G. N.

THE NEXT CHAPTER—THE WAR AGAINST THE MOON, by Andre Maurois (Kegan Paul-Musson. To-day and To-morrow Series; pp. 74, 85 cents).

STILL another of the *To-day and To-morrow Series*. The publishers are to be congratulated on having added Andre Maurois' name to the roll of eminent authors already included in this Series.

Maurois takes as his theme the maintenance of peace; and in doing so, leaves little to be proud of in human nature as he pictures it. Incapable of reason or direction, driven hither and thither by every wind of passion and hatred, it is only capable of being turned from internecine war by having its hatred centred on an outside enemy—this time the moon. A campaign against the moon is arranged by the great newspaper owners of the world who stir up feeling and hatred by means of lies and propaganda. A scientist discovers a method of bombarding the moon with rays of such power that nothing can exist in their presence. Several attacks are made with desolating effect. Unfortunately the moon retaliates. The first interplanetary war is recorded on a blank page.

Incidentally Maurois suggests an immediate future full of interest,—the harnessing of the wind, further great wars, and the attendant regrouping of nations and rebuilding of cities. His style is excellent but his treatment of the subject sketchy and fantastical.

N. A. M.

DAWN, by Irving Bacheller (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. 335; \$2.00).

**T**HIS is a novel somewhat in the 'Quo Vadis' manner, but it follows its model afar off. Its heroine, Doris, identified with the woman taken in adultery of the gospel story, is a former mistress of the young Vespasian, who becomes a follower of Christ, and after many trials and tribulations marries Paul's comrade Apollos.

It should make excellent movie fodder. The heroine is made sufficiently sweet and pure—innocent and repentant victim of circumstances, who never loses her girlish charm—to satisfy both the popular star and her dear public. Doris tells all her adventures in the first person, to make sure that we always get her viewpoint. In her naiveté she reminds one at times of the lately well-known Lorelei Lee. Oriental mobs, Roman orgies, midnight escapes, cattle stampedes, robbers' dens, madmen in the wilderness; to say nothing of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, which really has nothing at all to do with the main story; all these seem designed to furnish fat scenario material for one more million-dollar epic of the screen. Then, too, the pretentious pseudo-antique style of the narrative contains all the sub-titles ready-made. For example, here is a description of the preaching of the newly converted Saul: (p. 228)

'He . . . began to speak. I thought of the butterfly released from its web-like shell. His words went out on wings of diction.'

In spite of a specious glamour given to certain scenes by the introduction of the person and voice of Jesus, and in spite of the adventures with which it is crammed, this tale remains dead. It still awaits, in order to bring it to life, the inspired touch of one of those master-minds who adapt novels for the screen.

W. S. M.

TOWARD SODOM, by Mabel Dunham (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. 336; \$2.00).

**I**T is interesting to examine the characteristics of the different types of settlers who make up the present-day population of Canada. Consequently we welcome Miss Dunham's history of the Mennonites and the part played by them in the development of the country.

In 1807 these people, thrifty, industrious, and self-centred, left Pennsylvania to settle in Upper Canada, and from 1850 forward, the book follows the fortunes of the Horsts, a substantial Mennonite family.

# CASSELL PUBLICATIONS

## Life, Journalism, and Politics

By J. A. Spender.

The year's most important book of reminiscences. 2 vols. \$10.00.

## Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson

By Maj.-Gen. Sir C. G. Calwell.

The most noteworthy book that has been published on the personalities of the Great War. 2 vols. \$10.00.

## Knocking Around

By Frank H. Shaw.

A thrilling book of real adventure on the sea. \$3.25.

## Sir Arthur Sullivan

By Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower.

A complete and intimate picture of the great composer. \$6.25.

## The Fragrant Minute for Every Day

By Wilhelmina Stitch.

Three volumes in one. Leather, \$1.50.

## Excursions in Color

By Donald Maxwell.

A series of vignettes in colour, from various parts of the world. \$5.50.

## Warwick Deeping's World Famous Novels

Kitty. \$2.00

Doomsday. \$2.00

Sorrell and Son. \$1.00

# Cassell & Company, Limited

215-219 Victoria St., Toronto

As the story progresses from incident to incident, a breach forms between the older, more bigoted members of the community, and the younger people, who gradually break away from the old rule of complete exclusion of worldly affairs, to a newer broader idea of citizenship. In the end, Manassah Horst, the eldest son, leaves his farm to lead a great body of Mennonites—who emigrate from Russia—across Canada to Manitoba. A second son goes to Japan as a missionary; while a third finds disgrace in New York; and even Noah Horst, the simple-minded bewildered old 'Bishop' is guilty of the worldliness of driving to the meeting house in a 'Spring buggy with a falling top'.

As it stands, the book is a recital of interesting events—and had she treated her subject in a warmer, more colourful, and dramatic fashion, Miss Dunham might have given us a great Canadian novel.

AN ECONOMIST'S PROTEST, by Edwin Cannan (P. S. King & Son—Irwin & Gordon, pp. xx, 438, 16/-).

ECONOMISTS are popularly supposed to be always protesting in a futile way—sometimes against things which all sensible people know to be right and proper and inevitable (such as high tariffs and the collection of war debts), and sometimes against things which are obviously unchangeable and rooted in the nature of things (such as nationalism and the instinct of pugnacity). Since one of them has had the courage to assemble in this book a number of his comments on public affairs during the past thirteen years, it is of interest to see the kind of policies and beliefs against which he has raised his voice. Like all maligned economists, he has tried to be 'a mundane rather than a national economist', and he has also been a protestant against 'the shallow habit of proposing remedies for economic pressure without considering the question whether that pressure may not be an integral part of the existing organization which cannot be removed without causing disaster unless some efficient substitute is provided'. During the war, we find him among the first to oppose that impossible slogan, 'Business as Usual'. He combatted the popular delusion which attributed the rise of prices to the machinations of wicked profiteers, and showed the futility of attempting to stop the rise by attacking a few of these unpopular scapegoats. Even in 1915 and 1916 he was urging that, when the war came to an end, it should be followed by a real peace and not by a mere preparation for the next war, or by a mercantile war against friends and enemies alike to take the place of the military war. He early protested against the inflation which began during the war and was continued on an ever larger scale after the war was over. One article—especially interesting now that the situation which produced it has long passed away—dealt with 'Schemes for build-

ing houses without paying for them,' i.e., by the issue of paper money, as urged by the Labour Party in Wigan. But even the examples of Russia and Germany, added to all the more ancient ones, were not sufficient to convince the British Government for a long time of the evils of the printing-press. Perhaps there are even yet a good many people who would not agree that it is 'better to be a defaulter than a false coiner.' Cannan was quite in the classical tradition when he wrote in a letter to a friend that 'it would make this world a very much better place to live in if not a single State in it could borrow one penny: if they want wars and useless canals and other luxuries, let them raise the cost by taxation.' The influence of Smith is found on almost every page, but especially in the last lecture, Cannan's valedictory to the London School of Economics, in which he declares his faith in Smith's gospel of mutual service.

In a personal paragraph at the beginning, Cannan speaks of his unhappiness at the beginning of the war when a supercilious young clerk regarded him as far too old even to serve as a harvester, and when he felt that there was nothing useful which he could do. But the man who combats false opinions and proclaims true ones is a producer too, and the writer of these essays has nothing to be ashamed of.

H. R. KEMP.

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF LABOUR STATISTICIANS, International Labour Office, Geneva, 1926. (P. S. King-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 122; 40 cents).

MIGRATION MOVEMENTS, 1920-1924. International Labour Office, Geneva, 1926. (P. S. King-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 105; 50 cents).

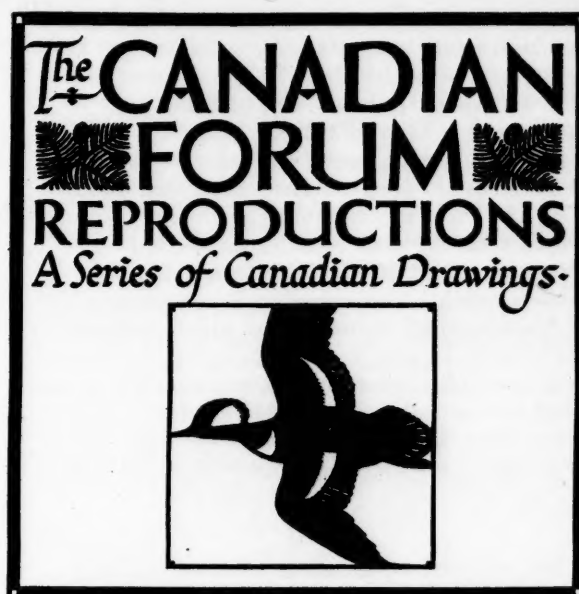
Conferences are one of the minor diseases of our present civilization. Even more depressing are verbatim reports of conferences, when the living personalities are gone, and there remain the careless style, the damnable iteration, and the dull prefatory jokes which make it more difficult to discover grains of wheat among the bushels of chaff. As conference reports go, the first of these is extremely interesting. Through the efforts of the League of Nations Union, a number of really first-class people were got together at the School of Economics this spring, and the report of their proceedings is worthy of a place on the shelf of the student of labour problems. The report of the conference of Labour Statisticians is very technical and so dry as to be of no interest to anybody but a labour statistician. Even labour statisticians, however, have their place in the economy of nature; and if they can find profit in reading this sort of thing (as undoubtedly they can), let us not grudge it to them. The migration report is valuable and full of facts and figures.

# 12 Striking Black and White DRAWINGS

Typical of the Canadian months  
of the year and powerfully Cana-  
dian in theme and execution

DECORATIVE  
INSPIRATIONAL  
and EXCLUSIVE

Produced on strong, durable  
stock, all ready for framing



By THOREAU MACDONALD  
one of Canada's youngest and most promising artists.

The 12 DRAWINGS in a very Artistic envelope \$1.25 (unsigned)  
\$3.00 (signed by the artist—a very small number  
available). Postage 15c. per set.

## LIMITED FIRST EDITION

Orders should be sent to  
The CANADIAN FORUM, 224 Bloor St. W., Toronto

Our readers' attention is **Not** being called to No. 1 in Jack McLaren's very clever series of CARICATURES—We haven't the space in which to do it justice—But we invite you to tell your friends to look for No. 2, the subject of which will be\_\_\_\_\_

Specimen copies sent to anyone contemplating adding their name to our distinguished list of subscribers.

**THE CANADIAN FORUM**

224 Bloor St. W., Toronto

THE CANADIAN FORUM CARICATURES  
By JACK McLAREN  
No. II.  
The Canadian Forum, 224 Bloor St. W.  
Toronto.

Please send a specimen copy of this  
issue to  
.....  
(Possible Subscriber)

## FOUR POEMS FOR A SONNET SEQUENCE

By N. W. HAINSWORTH

## I (A PURITAN)

Let not, within his quiet heart, be heard  
The raging of a fretful thought, the gust  
Of passion, nor the song of any lust  
That yields not from its clamour one clear word  
Of peace which may be fittingly interred  
Against the day when from his useless dust  
He turns and renders up to God the trust  
He held while all his several parts concurred.

Though crystal words are few and drab despair  
Is common, he must sift his earthly joy  
For jewels the important soul may wear  
And from unhappiness the gold alloy  
Of wisdom burn to make that soul more fair  
For some far heaven which death may well destroy.

## II (A SOCIALIST)

Here, one who works before his house and lays  
No hand to bolt the casements and the doors  
Against a throng of prostitutes and boors  
Who fling derision on his simple ways  
Yet seek by stealth or force to pierce the maze  
Of pathways to his treasures; nor ignores  
The few who win to tread his golden floors  
But eyes them calmly, courteously, and says:

'To-morrow I shall die and this my house  
Will profit me no more, yet go not in  
To steal or wreck with fleeting mad carouse  
Its passing beauty which I built to win  
From Death this word: "The tiger and the mouse  
Dwelt here in joy and love and all were kin."'

## III (A CONSERVATIVE)

'Live tenderly', he said, 'the years are few,  
Too few to follow strange philosophies  
Or strip, with tales of need and passionate pleas,  
The drapes of Love; what is the final due  
Of Lust? What ends the technically true  
Parade of Life but fetid throats that wheeze  
Of Loves and ancient imbecilities?  
Live tenderly', he said, 'the years are few.'

But we are wild with youth and discontent  
And sate our dreadful hungers as we may.  
We have denied the cross, our veil is rent  
In piteous tatters, and the altar-bay  
Is littered with remains and foul with scent  
Of blossoms mutilated in our play.

## IV (A POET)

Not rest alone, he craves, though deep and sweet  
As soundless seas that swell beneath the moon,  
For simple rest is like that frailest boon,  
The nightly dew, which merely lives to greet  
Another sun with brief farewell. The heat  
And strange ambition of his life too soon  
Demand a lasting anodyne, too soon  
Discovers Life's eternal, last defeat.

His laurels scar the haunting brows of Death,  
And deck our awkward lives with lasting flowers.  
His warm, defenceless heart has forged for ours  
The glittering mails of faith; his faltering breath  
Shall bend the lumbering earth to his esteem,  
Through us who rear the mortals of his dream.



## CANADIAN WATERWAYS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In your issue of December you state that the navigation rights of Canada and the United States in the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence were settled by the Treaties of 1871 and 1909 and are to the effect:—

That the River St. Lawrence and all navigable boundary waters including canals existing or to be constructed connecting boundary waters shall forever remain free and open for the purposes of commerce to citizens of the United States subject to any laws and regulations of Great

Britain or of the Dominion of Canada not inconsistent with such privilege of free navigation.

From this you argue that it is difficult to see what Canadian interests in the way of navigation rights can be guarded by those who oppose the joint development proposals on the St. Lawrence.

I do not know what is the source of your quotation, but it is not derived from any of the existing Treaties, and it does not correctly represent the contents of those Treaties. The only waters which are by Treaty declared to be forever free and open to both countries are the St. Lawrence (Treaty of Washington, 1871) and the navigable boundary waters (Convention of 1909). The canals connecting boundary waters are declared open by the Convention of 1909, but only for such time as the Convention shall remain in force; and it can be terminated on one year's notice. Boundary waters are very clearly defined by the Convention. They are:—

The waters from main shore to main shore of the

lakes and rivers and connecting waterways, or the portions thereof, along which the international boundary between the United States and the Dominion of Canada passes, including all bays, arms and inlets thereof, but not including tributary waters which in their natural channels would flow into such lakes, rivers and waterways, or waters flowing from such lakes, rivers and waterways, or the waters of rivers flowing across the boundary.

It is obvious that under this definition the St. Lawrence is boundary water only from Lake Ontario to that point near the head of Lake St. Francis where the boundary line leaves the river.

I am confident that the casual reader of your editorial would conclude that all the St. Lawrence canals, including those running alongside the purely Canadian portion of the Waterway, are included in the catalogue of waters 'forever free and open to citizens of the United States'? I incline to think that this was probably your own opinion. But it is not true.

The citizens of the United States are admitted to navigation in the canals in the purely Canadian portion of the St. Lawrence by the free grant of the people of Canada, revocable at any time. They are admitted to the canals connecting parts of the boundary water portion of the St. Lawrence by the Convention of 1909, revocable on one year's notice. They are admitted in perpetuity only to the natural channel of the St. Lawrence. The fact that the side canals are not considered to be included with the river is abundantly proved by the language of both Treaties; The Treaty of 1871, while opening the river, merely requires the British Government to 'urge' the Canadian Government to open the canals; the Convention of 1909, while opening the international portion of the river in perpetuity, expressly opens the canals attached to it for the lifetime of the Treaty only.

Some at least of those of us 'who oppose the joint development' are seeking to prevent the cession to the United States (at any rate without thoroughly adequate compensation) of that perpetual right of navigation in the canals existing or to be constructed alongside the St. Lawrence which the United States does not at present possess. If the Waterway improvement can be effected by international co-operation without such cession we are willing to consider it on its economic merits. But we feel very strongly that no conceivable economic benefit to Canada could offset the loss of that complete control over the St. Lawrence canals which we now possess and which under 'joint development' we are practically certain to be asked to give away.

The United States, while strongly impressed with a sense of the obligations owed by the people in the lower part of the waterway to the people in the upper part, appears to have very little sense of the obligations of the upper part to the lower, which naturally include that of leaving the water-flow unimpaired. Any new Convention which gives the United States all that it desires in the lower part of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway without securing for Canada all the protection to which she is entitled in the upper part of the watershed would be a deplorable sacrifice of Canadian interests.

The United States has a perpetual right to the navigation of the St. Lawrence. Without the right to navigation of the Canadian canals, that right is somewhat illusory. For that we need feel no qualms of conscience. We did not get anything for ceding the right of St. Lawrence navigation to the United States. It was extorted from the British Government as part of the price of a much desired amicable settlement of the Alabama claims. We are under

no obligation to make it less illusory. And generally speaking, I think that Canadians are indisposed to hand over to the United States in perpetuity, whether for cash or for any other consideration, any of the territorial rights which they possess in the northern half of this continent.

Of course, if their ablest editorial advisers are going to suggest to them that certain important rights which they really possess unimpaired have already been handed over—

Yours, etc.,

B. K. SANDWELL.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Knowing the ability of your editorial committee, many people are disappointed, and a few surprised, that your magazine should not have both a wider circulation and a greater influence. It might have been supposed that, after an existence of seven or eight years, a journal edited and supported by members of the Canadian intelligentsia would have stimulated contemporary journalism or at least provoked general interest. But can it be thought that THE CANADIAN FORUM has done this? And if not, may not the fault be found largely in your policy?

In one of your editorial comments this month, in enunciating your policy, you say 'every shade of public opinion should find opportunity for an expression of opinion'. Shadows of images—opportunity for an expression of an opinion's opinion! Can you expect interest in anything so far removed from reality? Yet you declare this to be a guiding principle and a fundamental feature. Surely such a foundation almost ensures your dread of being 'inordinately vacuous and futile'.

'In dealing with political and economic questions', you continue, 'we attempt to be non-partizan, and in selecting material for publication to hold the balance between the innovators and the "stand-patters"'. Is this a statement of your ideal or is it a confession? It sounds like a politician's claim to fairness, for a slight examination will discover mainly emptiness. Why should not a magazine, as well as a man, have some character? Who needs a man with no convictions? And will a magazine arrest attention with no principle but neutrality? Why attempt an ideal the achievement of which is failure?

And is not your very attempt vitiated by the intellectual hypocrisy that inevitably dogs academic radicalism? You say the 'members (of your committee) are fairly evenly divided into Conservatives and Radicals'. Nonsense; there is not a Conservative among them—at least not among those whose names you published in your last issue. They represent merely varying degrees of radicalism, from the co-operative socialism of Richard de Brisay to the exclusive methodism of George Locke. How could such men express even the shadow of an image of Conservative opinion? That they should profess to do so can be understood, for Radicals are fond of assuming the mantle of the children of light and then darkly attributing to their opponents 'opinions' which they never held. But, as Margot might say, their brains have gone to their head.

Why not change your policy, give up your fervid and partisan neutrality, and proclaim your magazine a caravan-sary for Radicals? You might rouse your friends, seduce your enemies, and begin a career of useful journalism.

Yours, etc.,

NORMAN MACDONNELL.

Toronto.

## PHYLLUS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

You have invited discussion on the subject of the treatment of sex questions in literature. I have read with interest the letter disapproving of the story 'Phyllus', and your justification for publishing it, both of which appeared in the November number, and I am bound to say that I heartily agree with the critic.

There is surely a well-known reason why the subject of sex would be better left out of fiction and the drama, namely—that the mere contemplation of such matters has a tendency to arouse corresponding instincts and desires; so that while malice, envy, dishonesty, or almost any other vice can be represented without necessarily having any bad moral effect, sensuality, on the other hand, cannot be described with impunity. By all means give young people sex-education. But the subject should be treated with the coldest, most scientific detachment. If it must be described in literature as being a prominent fact in life, then it is far safer, and also more sincere and truthful to treat it frankly, even coarsely, as Shakespeare and Fielding have done, than to envelope it in the atmosphere of sentiment, mystery, and romance, with which all modern writers invest it. This surrounding of what is, after all, the lowest instinct of human nature, with an attractive halo, cannot but be insidiously harmful to many young people; while it certainly fills the minds of older and more thoughtful people with disgust. As for the well-known theory that art and morals have no connection, and that a story which is likely to be morally harmful is worthy of recognition so long as it is good literature—the strong opinion of the writer remains that while bad art is certainly bad enough, bad morals are worse; and that no literary merit will atone for a bad moral effect.

Yours, etc.,

Hamilton.

A.B.C.

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

Keep it trailing right along, don't worry about your salacious-minded subscriber who was so shocked by the story of *Phyllus*. Living as I do in a small town, where all peccadilloes come to be known if not published, the story seemed like one of our own town. So long as we countenance a form of society that does not run true to Nature's laws, but often in direct opposition to those laws, so long must we endure the knowledge if not the sight of what is known as immorality. People must live, and those who profess to believe in the Christian religion must be content with a lot of unchristian happenings until they make the main teachings of Christ a part and parcel of modern life. If really intelligent, we would remove the cause that creates conditions under which misery, poverty, disease, and crime flourish. We denounce the thing that inevitably happens because of the conditions we have created and uphold. We have built up and maintain a world in which man must industriously exploit his fellow-man in order to live the 'good life' himself. Also we are taught by the pulpit and the press that no other world is possible as yet. We must have a 'change of heart'. We cannot change conditions that we know are bad until this miraculous thing happens. The 'hearts' are bad because they are taught to be 'bad' and the conditions do not allow them much chance to be anything else. Your subscriber is doing the

ostrich act—denying the thing that he knows exists. Christ was not afraid to meet, mix, and talk with publicans, prostitutes, and the other 'trampled ones' of society. To-day His representatives as of old 'pass on the other side of the way' for fear of their 'whited coat'. One might quote the caustic Burns:—

They compound for sins they have committed  
By damning those they have no mind for.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Lafecche, Sask.



IT was one of Eugene O'Neill's misfortunes to be born on a continent where log-rolling is the most highly developed of the arts. His friends and admirers write endlessly about his genius, and they seldom pause to insert any of those qualifications that make criticism valuable. That O'Neill is the most important dramatist produced in the United States, there is little room for questioning, but so many persons have devoted all their energies to pronouncing him a genius of the first rank that it has become almost impossible to discuss him with any sense of proportion. Recently, I have been looking over some of O'Neill's dramas in book form, and I feel very strongly that O'Neill lacks command of language, sufficiently big, vital and colourful to express the ideas of his plays. Some persons might say that such a defect means the end of all things for O'Neill. Undoubtedly, it is the reason why his plays act so much better than they read. Every one of them that I have both seen and read loses strength when followed on the printed page, and I can only conclude that it is equally true of the others. That is probably the reason why, when you first make the acquaintance of an O'Neill drama in book form, it invariably proves a disappointment.

The earlier plays of Eugene O'Neill were mostly realistic, and they contained a philosophy of life that repelled a great many people. It was not a happy, and perhaps not even a well-poised philosophy. At first, he seemed able to see human life only as a process of disintegration. In *Beyond the Horizon*, he depicted the disintegration of misfits; in *Diff'rent* it was disintegration as a result of puritanical sex repression, a cruel and forbidding study; in *Gold*, greed was the cause of the disintegration; and in *The Emperor Jones*, it was the disintegration that follows a delusion of grandeur, unsupported by strength of character. Although *Anna Christie* is ranked first among the realistic dramas of O'Neill, *The Emperor Jones* seems to me to be the masterpiece

in which he has most skilfully blended realism with his more recent symbolic phase. I do not intend to discuss the pessimism of these dramas; perhaps a little healthy pessimism will do no harm in countries where shallow optimism is as prevalent as we find it in Canada and the United States. The plays are naturalistic, and require only commonplace speech, in the most part, and yet, again and again, one feels that O'Neill is strangely inarticulate. There is plenty of poetry in his imagination. What could be finer than the dramatic feeling of the tom toms beating in *The Emperor Jones*, while the craven negro is going crazy in the loneliness of the jungle night? But how trite and bald and uninspired are the lines uttered by the characters. The author does not seem to have at his disposal the right words to keep the expression in tune with the action.

Those of us who felt that way about the early O'Neill must have felt it more and more as he turned to greater themes. No other American dramatist has ever imagined life so tremendously. In *The Hairy Ape*, *The Great God Brown*, *Marco's Millions* and *Lazarus Laughed*, he has turned from specific themes to generalities, in which the characters are largely symbolic. I admit that in some instances his abstractions have become, at least in print, too thin to be vital. Perhaps on the stage, they have more reality and the robustness of types, which you cannot project for yourself when reading about them. Then, of course, you need the footlights to give full effect to masks and similar symbolic devices, that O'Neill is using more and more all the time. I am not one of those persons who regard all such stunts as affectations; if a dramatist can give his play a wider significance by means of them, they are justified at once.

With epic themes, O'Neill's lack of epic language grows all the more apparent. You feel it in *Marco's Millions*, in which he tears the romance from the golden Marco Polo in order to pillory him as the embodiment of the bragging go-getter, as opposed to the visionary with spiritual insight. In *Lazarus Laughed*, he develops the idea that Lazarus brought back from the dead a message that made the ugly concerns of time seem of no importance. What could the material world do with a man exerting such an influence except slay him? I have a feeling O'Neill has merely used the figure of Lazarus to enable himself to say what others have said of Christ—that he preached a philosophy that even Christendom could not afford to tolerate.

When dramas dealing with such subjects are written in commonplace, almost colloquial prose, they lose so much that it requires the pageantry and rush of the stage to give the illusion of greatness. Of course, the best plays must act better than they read, but they should not lose their glamour and shrink to mediocrity

in the reading. O'Neill has had his lyrical moments. The oft quoted phrase from *The Fountain* to the effect that the prophetic eyes of Christopher Columbus were 'filled with golden cities' has never seemed to me much more than a pretty figure. The fact that it flatters the vanity of this continent does not make it immortal poetry. To me, there is something finer in the lines uttered by Lazarus, 'I heard the heart of Jesus laughing in my heart. "There is Eternal Life in No" it said, "and there is Eternal Life in Yes. Death is the fear between"'. But a few vagrant phrases are not enough to give the plays the eloquence and the resonance that would place the author among the immortals, not only as a maker of theatrical entertainment but as a literary figure. Those of us who have to become acquainted with Eugene O'Neill in our libraries are waiting for passages in his writing that are worthy of the vital passages in his action.

FRED JACOB.

## TRADE AND INDUSTRY PROPHETS AND PROFITS

BY DONALD MACGREGOR

**A**MONG bandits and jazz and other barbaric tendencies of the present decade, the return of prophecy has been very noticeable. Religious prophets and weather prophets we have always had, but business prophets, who sell their oracles for a big sum and discard a Delphic dignity to address boosters clubs, are a puzzling novelty. Their incantations are a strange mumbo-jumbo of scientific and business terms, of which 'business cycle' is the best example.

That word 'cycle' suggests something as regular as the phases of the moon or the coming of the seasons. The notions are still widespread that there is an eight year cycle, or an eleven year cycle, and that in some mysterious way it is linked up with the movements of Venus or the occurrence of sunspots.

The fact that economists have been studying business fluctuations for at least a century, in order to isolate the 'cycles', is not generally known. Still less is it known to the business men who are most inter-many economists have studied the question in so many countries that we are badly in need of a general record of their conclusions, and if possible we also need an appraisal of their value. Is there really any business 'cycle' at all? If so, how long is it as a rule? Does it vary in length, from country to country or from time to time? Can the knowledge of 'cycles' be used in business forecasting?

The recent work on the subject\* by Professor

\*BUSINESS CYCLES: THE PROBLEM AND ITS SETTING. Nat. Bureau of Economic Research, 1927.

Wesley Mitchell of Columbia University, who is Research Director, American Bureau of Economic Research, does not set out to answer these questions, nor to propound a new theory. It gives the most comprehensive survey yet published of all the evidence and theories which seem important to the author. Then follows a short history of business fluctuations which show how they have arisen out of our elaborate financial structure and modern big business. Following this are chapters on the contributions of statistics and ordinary business records to the subject.

The economists have advanced explanatory theories which fall into some ten different classes. Some suggest that the causes of business fluctuations lie in the weather, in sunspots, rainfall or temperature. More recently Ellsworth Huntington has shown that a high death-rate precedes hard times. Some economists hold that over-saving, or a surplus of capital is to blame, while others hold exactly the opposite view. Some call the malady over-production, and others call it under-consumption. Some blame it on the variability of the construction industry, and others on the variability of human nature. One of the most recent theories stresses easy money and too much bank credit as the cause of booms, and the lack of consumer purchasing power due to low wages, as the cause of depressions. It is also pointed out that everywhere the quest for profits leads business men on to the risk of producing more goods than the public demands, without disbursing more money as wages to purchase those goods. More and more money flows into banks and insurance companies, as a result of the virtue of thrift, but this same money is then promptly spent on factories and apartment houses and railways and theatres, in the hope of being patronized by the same thrifty people who have decided to do without these things. The more money ordinary people save, the more capitalists can spend, and the greater becomes the danger of over-investment and cut-throat competition.

The weakness in most of these theories is their lack of completeness. Each stresses some one aspect. The only way to get a true description of the ups and downs of business is to weave them all together, in the hope that the pattern of the resulting fabric will be intelligible. But there is another and even greater weakness. For a century economists have been developing ingenious theories about little more than a mere name and supposition, rather than about actual facts.

We return to the question: 'Is there really any business cycle at all?'

For the answer we must turn to modern statistics and to business records. Curves of employment and production over long periods always have a wavy and sometimes a sharp saw-tooth path, indicating wide and

recurrent industrial fluctuations. But to assign any definite duration to periods of prosperity and depression would be almost impossible. Since 1888 in Canada, the periods between one depression and the next have been 5, 7, 7, 6, 5, 2, and 4 years respectively, while in the United States they have been 3, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 5, 2, and 3 years. The only conclusion we can safely draw from this is that the 'average cycle' in Canada is 5.1 years long, and in the United States is 3.1 years. It should be noted that this has nothing to do with the severity of the depressions, which has also varied considerably. Generally speaking the data which Professor Mitchell presents show that fluctuations are of shorter duration in highly industrialized countries, and uniformly longer in new countries like Canada, Australia and Brazil. Of 166 cycles which have been studied, 18% had a length of about 3 years, 15% about 4 years, 14% about 5 years and 13% about 6 years; that is, 60% had a duration of from 3 to 6 years. Of the remainder, 12% were less than 3 years, and 28% were more than 6 years. Thus there is clearly no one business cycle, but simply a tendency toward an average. That this average varies from country to country has been mentioned above. It varies with the stage of development which the country has reached, and tends to become more uniform throughout the world with the increasing importance of international trade. An important fact is that in England and the United States depressions in periods of falling prices have been about three times as long as those in periods of rising prices.

More important than the great mass of data in his book is Professor Mitchell's method. The whole work leads up to a definition of business 'cycles': 'They are recurrences of rise and decline in activity, affecting most of the economic processes of communities with well developed business organisation.' Economists used to start with a definition, and end with a confusion of 'if's' and 'but's' and 'other things being equal'. Here we have a volume which begins not with a dull definition but an interesting chaos, and ends with at least a few established facts, after exploding a good many notions. The general public does not recognize the enormous value of the dreary rows of figures published by statistical departments, upon which these actual measurements of economists largely depend. Modern statistics is changing economics from a literary, historical and philosophical to a scientific and practical subject.

The uncertain length of business 'cycles' which this study has so far yielded, prevents reliable forecasting beyond a period of a few months. But business fluctuations are after all only the result of group psychology, of optimism and pessimism, of changes in price levels, and in the flow of wages, profits, interest and rent. It seems to the writer that the

dissection of these actual organs of prosperity, where the disease certainly lies, is more important than this observation of the outward effects, of which we are only too well aware. What we need is not a photograph of the patient's face every time he smiled or winced, but a blood test and an X-ray picture. Business 'cycles' will be understood and controlled not by knowing their length and severity, not by compiling pictures of them in the form of clever 'business barometers', but by laboriously and critically analyzing industry after industry, country by country and section by section, until all their inter-relations are known.



## Swiss Steam Laundry

Established 1886

"SERVICE—QUALITY"

Phone Elgin 3615 for driver



## Canadian Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds

Bought—Sold—Quoted

**Wood, Gundy & Company  
Limited**

Toronto      36 King Street West      Montreal  
Winnipeg      Toronto      New York  
London, Ont.      Telephone Elgin 4321      London, Eng.

## GOVERNMENT, PROVINCIAL MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION SECURITIES

INDUSTRIAL  
FINANCING

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

**R. A. DALY & CO.**

BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING  
TORONTO

## The Haynes Press

PRINTERS

COMMERCIAL AND  
SOCIETY PRINTING

:: of all kinds ::

502½ Yonge Street, Toronto

# Sealed in Metal "SALADA" TEA

T67

Always delicious and fresh. Try it.

## From Our Finest List in Twenty-One Years!

### Jalna

Mazo de la Roche \$2.00

This much-discussed book has now reached the \$5,000 mark. What is more important is that it is worth the attention of the \$5,000.

### Hugh Layal: A Romance of the Up Country

T. R. Elliott \$2.00

This novel is a story first and fictionized history afterwards; the history just happens not to have been distorted.

### The New Front Line

Hubert Evans \$2.00

This is an authentic picture of life in British Columbia, and there is charm and glamour in the author's description of the life of his characters.

### Toward Sodom

Mabel Dunham \$2.00

This new novel, dealing with the Mennonites in Canada, bids fair to imitate the success of its predecessor, "The Trail of the Conestoga."

### A History of the Society of Friends (Quakers) in Canada

Arthur Garratt Dorland, Ph.D.

Dr. Dorland's book not only presents the broad developments of Quakerism, but it includes a great deal of local Canadian history, pertaining to those districts in which Friends were pioneers.

### The Iron Door: An Ode

E. J. Pratt \$1.25, \$2.50

This splendid poem touches the deepest things, and will be read again and again.

### The Wayward Man

St. John Ervine \$2.50

Here at last is the long-awaited new novel by this popular author. It is a whimsical, humorous story of a romantic and exceedingly unpractical Ulster man.

### Annals of Niagara

William Kirby, F.R.C.S. Edited by Lorne Pierce \$2.00

Thirty years have elapsed since William Kirby wrote these fascinating pages, which have been thoroughly revised by Lorne Pierce.

### The Message of the Carillon and Other Addresses

The Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King \$2.00

This volume includes addresses delivered by the Prime Minister since 1909, and is of much historical and political interest. It has been published simultaneously in Toronto, London and New York.

### Death Comes for the Archbishop

Willa Cather \$2.50

"There is no more refined literary artist writing in the United States to-day than Miss Willa Cather. Her latest work is a fine example of her art at its best."—S. Morgan-Powell.



## NEW OXFORD BOOKS

### THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

A Tale by Samuel Johnson. Edited by R. W. Chapman \$2.25

Though *Rasselas* has often been printed and infrequently edited, no attempt seems to have been made to give a definitive text. The present edition is based on examination of all the editions published in the author's lifetime. A brief introduction attempts to clear up, as far as possible, the obscure story of the composition and publication of the book.

### AN INTRODUCTION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR LITERARY STUDENTS.

By Ronald B. McKerrow \$5.50

This book has developed out of Mr. McKerrow's pamphlet on Bibliographical Evidence for Editors of Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century books, which has been much read and sought for. The author has now systematized his work, and adapted it to cover the whole period of English printing. The result will be found an indispensable book by all who concern themselves with editors' problems.

### VICTORIAN NARRATIVE VERSE.

Selected by Charles Williams, 75c. Also an edition in superior binding, blue cloth, gilt \$1.00

This selection covers the greatest period in English narrative poetry. Contents: *The Day-Dream and Morte d'Arthur*, Tennyson; *The Death of King Olaf*, Longfellow; *Conary*, Sir Samuel Ferguson; *The King of Brentford's Testament*, Thackeray; *The Flight of the Duchess* and *Donald*, Browning; *The Witch's Ballad*, W. B. Scott; *Andromeda*, Kingsley, etc., etc.

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1783-1917.

By S. E. Morison, two volumes; per set \$9.50

An authoritative account by Prof. Morison, who held the Vyvyan Harmsworth Chair of American History at Oxford University from 1922 to 1924, and is now Professor of History at Harvard University. His *History of the United States* will be a standard book for the student and will attract the general reader by its lively and individual style. The story is taken down to the entry of America into the Great War, and its last chapters contain some racy judgments upon living politicians.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

TORONTO 2

o  
i  
t  
r  
y  
e  
y  
e  
r  
t